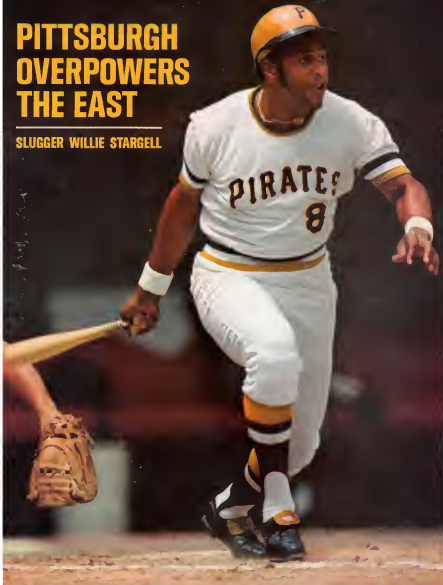


# Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 2, 1971 60 CENTS

## PITTSBURGH OVERPOWERS THE EAST

SLUGGER WILLIE STARGELL





Tonight it's the  
Orient at home.  
They like their parties  
a little different. And  
getting ready for them is  
at least half the fun.  
Their cigarette?  
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for less.

It's a matter of taste.

All the taste.  
All the time.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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**One of the world's smallest sedans**



**is the world's largest sedan.**

Outside, the VW Squareback sedan is almost one foot shorter than the shortest domestic sedan.

Inside, the VW Squareback has one and a half times as much luggage space as the largest domestic sedan.

So you see, the Squareback has a whole lot of space to put stuff into.

But you don't need a whole lot of space to put the Squareback into



## **Our newest compact stereo. It may lose us some component customers.**

Just when you're all set to buy some of our superb Sony components, we ask you to listen to our new HP-610. And be flabbergasted by its great sound. And wonder whether you need components after all.

We're not really nuts. We just suspect there are some highly sophisticated hi-fi buffs who secretly long for a compact.

Just because you know great sound, doesn't mean you have the room to accommodate components. And the time to shop around, to match and compare. Or that you're a whizz with a soldering iron and screwdriver. And get a kick out of building your own cabinets.

You think you *must* have components to get great sound. Well, think again.

Where most compacts fail to measure up is in the amplifier. The HP-610 has one with all-silicon transistors and a 66-watt music output (E.I.A. standard). That's a lot more powerful than many

components you could buy.

The speakers are better than anything we've ever offered in a compact. They're completely airtight, with 8" woofers, 4" mid-range, and 2" tweeters. Their fidelity will floor you.

The tuner has a long slide-rule dial for easy tuning. And a solid-state IF filter to screen out interference from neighboring stations. And Field Effect Transistors in the front end to pull in weak FM stations.

There's a Dual 3-speed automatic turntable with a Pickering micro-magnetic cartridge. And enough input and output jacks to satisfy the most insatiable hi-fi fiend. There's even a speaker-selector switch that lets you turn your remote speakers on and off separately from the main speakers.

There's also a price of around \$400. Which is maybe \$100 less than you'd have spent on our components. Perhaps we're nuts after all.

**THE SONY HP-610 STEREO**

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Cover photograph by Walter Evans Jr.

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Credits on page 59

## Next week

**JIM PLUNKETT** and **J. D. HILL** get their first look at pro defenses when the College All-Stars meet the Colts Friday night. Peter Garry reports from Soldier Field in Chicago.

**SWELLED HEAD?** Nope, not Mike Petersen, who at the age of 18 is already a legend and without a doubt the best all-round athlete in the history of Yates Center, Kans.

**PETTICOAT UNCTION** is the stuff the lady professional golfer use on former male champions Dan Jenkins, who tells how he lost his heart and some Sicilians are in Las Vegas.



A black and white photograph of a man in a light-colored jacket sitting in a grassy field, looking towards the right. In the background, a motorcycle is parked on a path that leads into a hilly, wooded landscape under a clear sky.

**Get away from the crowd.  
Get all the flavor you want  
in Old Gold Filters.**



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**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL GAME** — all 24 Major League Teams — 450 Players — every one of your favorite stars from Aaron to Yazdzemski — and you're the manager. Set your own batting order, name your starting pitcher, pinch hit, have your runners try for the extra base, go to your bull pen and make all the other moves of a big league manager in the most realistic baseball game ever devised. Each team roster includes 20 active players whose hitting or pitching skills are based on the most complete computerized research ever incorporated into a baseball game. For the first time in any game, for example, each hitter has been rated according to his proven ability against both right-handed and left-handed pitching.

## take two. they're small.

Don't let the modest (9" x 11") size of the boxes fool you though. Each of these exciting new games from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is packed with a summerful of fun for the whole family.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Major League Baseball, for example, features a virtually endless variety of game situations and managerial options to challenge both experts and novices alike. You can match your favorite team against any of the other 23 major league clubs, pitch Seaver against Gibson, or the Perry Brothers against each other.

Or you can organize an entire new season complete with play-offs and World Series and enjoy the thrill of managing every one of today's greatest stars under the most realistic conditions possible.

In between games, you can escape the pressures of major league managing by getting away for a round or two of golf on SI's exclusive new "dream" course — 18 of the greatest golf holes in America, including the 3rd at Olympic, the 7th at Pine Valley, and the 12th at Augusta.

You can use your own handicap, or if you don't have one, you can select any one of the eight different handicap charts ranging from Pro to Duffer. Or you can play the course the way your favorite touring pro would.

Both games offer the same kind of computerized





**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED HANDICAP GOLF GAME** - Featuring 18 of the greatest golf holes in America . . . from the first at Merion Golf Club to the 18th at Pebble Beach. This unique new board game lets each player line up his shots, select the right club and then - with his own handicap as a factor - determine exact distance and direction of every tee and fairway shot. The realism of the short game is enhanced by a totally new system that divides each green into zones to offer the player a wide variety of putting situations.

accuracy and amazingly realistic Play Action that made SI's Pro Football Game an immediate success. And both feature the same concept of color-coding that speeds up play and enables younger players (10 years and up) to learn quickly and compete with even the most experienced adults.

To order your games, simply complete the coupon and mail it today along with your check or money order. If you order one game, the mail-order price is \$9.95 plus 50¢ postage. But if you take two, you can take advantage of a special price of only \$17.95 (which includes postage.) If someone has already used the coupon, you can order by sending your name, address and your check or money order along with the names of the games you want to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Games, 15 East 48th Street, New York, New York 10017.**



**Sports Illustrated**  
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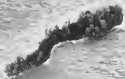
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Name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

802



We gave each student 6 matches, a fishhook, some string and three days alone on an island.

Here's what they gave us:

*I stood on my island and screamed  
"Who in hell am I?" No answer came  
from the cold sea.*

*I hated it and I loved it and in the end  
I made it through. Hallelujah!*

*The struggle was beautiful.*

During World War II, the British discovered that younger seamen were less able to survive the ordeals of shipwreck than their older mates. The younger men, it seemed, were giving up sooner under extreme hardship. So a school was set up to teach survival techniques and build, through experience, the tenacity necessary to withstand severe stress.

That was the beginning of Outward Bound. Today there are schools all over the world with seven in the U.S. These are

wilderness schools, but they teach more than merely how to survive in the wilderness.

Their purpose is to help each student plumb the depth of his capacities by placing him in situations where he discovers that he can accomplish far more than he dreamed possible. Further, students learn, through helping each other under stress, a new regard for each member of the crew and a genuine sense of teamwork.

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seminars for management and teachers. It is non-profit, financed by private grants, contributions and tuition charges. Over half the students attend on full or partial scholarships. You don't have to be an athlete or have any special skills to attend Outward Bound. We'll teach you everything you need to know.

If you'd like to know more about it, or you want to help someone else attend, write Outward Bound® Inc., Reston, Virginia, or one of the schools listed below.

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**Outward Bound**  
Schools of The Possible

**Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin, July 17th — Donohue and Javelin continue Trans-Am winning streak. Beat Mustang and Camaro for fourth time.**

With Mark Donohue at the wheel, a specially modified Javelin won its third race in a row today and its fourth this season.

The American Motors entry led throughout the entire event, finishing 2 minutes and 10 seconds ahead of the runner-up Mustang.

This put the Javelin total for the series at 46 points and left Mustang and Camaro trailing with 40 and 12 points, respectively.

With only 5 races to go to decide the series champion, the Javelin looks forward to the next event on August 1, at St. Jovite, Canada.

Like the other Trans-Am races, it will be a grueling handling, braking and performance test for American-made sporty cars.

And like the others, it'll give the racing Javelin another chance to prove its mettle.



**If you're going to buy a sporty car,  
buy one that's going places.**



# SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

## THE OIL DIET

Those oil spills that have wrought havoc with beaches all around the country may one day be a minor nuisance. Dr. Carl H. Oppenheimer, director of marine research at the University of Texas, is working on the development of a strain of bacteria that eats oil.

He is setting up a field test to begin in September. Main problem is to get the bacteria to multiply fast enough. When they can be mass-produced they will be freeze-dried and stored for use in oil-spill emergencies.

"It looks very promising," Dr. Oppenheimer says, "although it won't take a half-inch- or an inch-thick oil film and chew it up *per se*. But it will work on thinner films very rapidly. And oil, unless it is contained, usually has an affinity for spreading itself out."

## ON WITH THE GAMES

This bulletin is for those sport fans who have been fretting through the long, hot summer waiting for word from Avery Brundage: Yes, there will be a winter Olympics in 1972. Moreover, the Games in Sapporo next February will include all those Alpine skiing events he has been threatening to throw out.

The International Olympic Committee president made the announcement in Moscow, letting his decision drop with what could only be called Olympian detachment. In fact, it seemed downright antithematic after all the ruckus Brundage raised over the 10 world-class ski racers, who had worked at California's Mammoth Mountain training camp last summer. Brundage claimed they had been coaching for pay, thus violating Olympic rules. Not so, replied the skiers, including such notables as France's Georges Mauduit and Jean-Noël Augert, the world slalom champion; Franz Vogler of West Germany; Jean-Daniel Daetwyler and Dumeng Giovanoli of Switzerland; Malcolm Milne of Australia and Canada's Rod Hebron and Peter Duncan. When Brundage stood firm—

out they go, he said brusquely—the dispute escalated to the point where the distraught nations involved threatened to pull out of the Olympics, perhaps to stage a ramp world-championship all their own in Italy.

Well, all right. Brundage grumped, all penalties waived but don't let it happen again. But the trouble with all this is that, in fact, nothing was really settled at all. Brundage still holds firmly that his criticism was fully justified; the racers say they acted in good faith, since their national federations okayed their jobs.

Meanwhile, the superconservative IOC and the ultraliberal Federation Internationale de Ski (FIS) keep sidestepping the issues of training, broken-time payments and amateurism—exchanging angry bulletins and appointing study commissions. So much for 1972. Come 1976, another Olympics, another crisis.

## FADING BLUE

Ferrari cars are splendid by definition, but the world's most elegant subspecies is Roger Penske's "Blue Ferrari"—an atypically colored but excellently prepared car that added some zest to this season's running of the world manufacturer's championship. But the Federation Internationale de l'Automobile, which oversees these matters, has decided that next year the cars that embark on the long hours of Daytona, Sebring, Le Mans and Watkins Glen, among others, should reduce their engine size from five to three liters.

"A sad and impractical state of affairs," laments Kirk F. White, the young Philadelphian who has footed most of Penske's endurance racing bills this season. "More than 50 of these racing machines will become instant museum pieces."

White cannot help but profit from the FIA's decision: he auctions antique cars, even those only a year or two deceased (SI, May 10). He nonetheless is determinedly circulating a petition among the

owners of 40 endurance racing cars to delay the decision's effect.

"With the economic climate that exists throughout the world and the great cost of building and maintaining these five-liter machines," he argues, "it seems perfectly ridiculous to be forced into an entirely new, more expensive and fragile three-liter formula." Ferry Porsche might well agree, but the engineers and cost accountants of his outfit have already announced the Porsche team's retirement from world endurance racing. Should White's petition fail, it will mark a premature burial for two splendid examples of an exciting species—the Porsche 917 and the Ferrari 512, and most especially, Penske's blue variant of the latter.

## DOUBLE PLAY

It is the pleasant custom at the Dutchman's Lounge in El Paso for the proprietor, Frank Barlow, to buy a round on the house for each home run shown on the bar's television set.

During a recent game, with the bar crowded with viewers, Barlow was hit with back-to-back homers.

Not until the next day did he learn



that his patrons, taking advantage of the fact that he was so busy, had one round on the real thing and another on an instant replay.

## BRING REPELLENT

The tourist brochures say nothing about it, but one of Alaska's worst infestations of mosquitoes—and there have been

some dandies—is due this year. According to Dr. William C. Frohne, biology professor at Alaska Methodist University, on Alaska's North Slope the total mass of mosquitoes outweighs the total mass of caribou. They are so numerous that a man exposed to them for half an hour could lose half his blood.

Dr. Frohne blames the size of this year's crop on especially heavy winter snows which, in melting, settled in pools in the permafrost or bedrock and provided perfect hatching areas for last summer's larvae.

#### FOR INNOCENTS ABROAD

Canadian athletes going to the Pan-American Games in Cali, Colombia (July 31-Aug. 13) were briefed on what to expect and what to do to prevent it.

Except for one item, the instructions were commonplace—eat only well-cooked meat, avoid raw fruits and vegetables, don't go with girls who accost you on the street.

One recommendation, though, was a puzzler—if you eat ice cream, boil it first.

#### INSTANT SAFARI

It is now possible for a sportsman to leave London on a Saturday night, spend a full Sunday hunting in Africa and be back in England for breakfast on Monday morning. A kill of at least four antelope is guaranteed.

The deal has been arranged between a Nairobi travel agent and the owners of a 60,000-acre ranch at the foot of Mount Kenya, legendary home of the Kikuyu tribal gods. The grasslands of the area are rich in plains game—Thomson's gazelle, impala, waterbuck, oryx, zebra and the rare Mount Kenya hartebeest. The cost: air transportation to and from Nairobi plus \$500 for a charter flight to the ranch, the services of a professional hunter, use of a hunting car and rifle, ammunition, game license and an arms license. If the hunter does not get two Thomson's gazelles and two impalas, or an impala, a hartebeest and two Thomson's, has money, except for the cost of the charter, will be refunded.

On the other hand, Pan American World Airways has announced that after Aug. 31 it will offer no tour programs involving the killing of animals specified as "endangered species" by the World Wildlife Fund. There are more than 900 such animals—among them the

Great Indian one-horned rhino, the tiger, the snow leopard and the Asiatic lion. Pan Am will continue to sponsor tours featuring the hunting or fishing of species not listed as endangered and will promote the growth of photographic safari tours in Africa and other parts of the world.

#### PATIENCE ON THE BENCH

It was back in the good old days of 1962, and Jacky Lee was hoping to succeed George Blanda as quarterback for the Houston Oilers.

Noting that Blanda was a regular investor in the stock market, Lee observed, "When the market went haywire I had the horrible thought that it might force Blanda to play an extra five or 10 years."

Take a look at page 30, Jacky.

#### PRESCRIPTION

A chew of tobacco as big as a baseball in his jaw, Rocky Bridges, third-base coach of the California Angels, was idling on the bench the other night while waiting for action on the field. He told about a new diet drink.

"You mix two jiggers of Scotch to one jigger of Metrecal," he said. "So far I've lost five pounds and my driver's license."

#### BUSINESS AS USUAL

The Michigan Department of Natural Resources has lifted a one-year ban on the shooting of antlerless deer—does and fawns—and, of all people, the motel owners of the state's Upper Peninsula, businessmen who depend greatly on hunters for their fall trade, are up in arms against it.

"We feel very strongly about this in the Upper Peninsula and we believe in going on our conviction even if it hurts the pocketbook," explains Herb Fillman, owner of the Parkway, a 26-unit motel that normally fills during the hunting season.

The DNR's defense is that an estimated 15,000 antlerless deer died of starvation and resultant disease last year in major yarding areas. Allowing 32,920 antlerless deer permits for the Peninsula would "head off such a senseless waste," explained Dave Arnold, a department specialist.

"We think it was just a propaganda move by the state to raise more money," I tilman responded.

So motel owners in the Newberry area say they will be closed to hunters this fall.

Bring sleeping bugs.

#### TO THE WINNER, THE SPOILS

The Baltimore Environmental Action Center, a coalition of ecology-minded groups, is holding a contest to select a name for its newsletter. The prize: a guided tour of the Back River sewage plant.

#### WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE...

More than a few sports teams traveling about the country carry their own bottled water rather than trust the dilute sludge that passes for drinking water in some communities. The trend has grown along with publicity on the dangers of pollution. Last year sales of bottled water totaled \$100 million.

Now someone has thought to check on the "purity" of bottled water. Dr. Rita R. Colwell, Georgetown University microbiologist, has discovered that the bottled stuff is sometimes more polluted than what comes out of the tap. Tap water, in fact, is better regulated by government standards. The U.S. Public Health Service requires that local water systems be free of or have a specified limited number of coliform or pathogenic bacteria. Nothing regulates the bottled variety.

In her tests Dr. Colwell found the tap water of Alexandria, Va., registered highest in the Washington area—7,000 bacteria per liter. Three samples of bottled water registered bacteria rates of from 50,000 to 500,000. Of the four brands tested, only one, Mountain Valley, was free of bacteria.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Tex Schramm, Dallas Cowboy president, after Duane Thomas, talkative holdout, called him "suck and demented" and "dishonest": "That's not bad. He got two out of three."

• Sign in the window of an Oakland paint store: "We have every color but Vida Blue."

• Alabama football coach Bear Bryant, on the movement to reduce the number of football scholarships or award them on a "need" basis: "I think we should add to the number rather than cut it down. We may have to put a limit on overall scholarships, starting on sports that don't bring in anything—like baseball."

END

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Corona is the best  
sedan sold in the U.S.  
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**The editors of Road & Track.**



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Roughly every four years, *Road & Track* magazine selects the finest cars in the world.

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"The Toyota Corona is value for money; nice looking, well finished, quiet, smooth overhead-cam engine, good 4-speed gearbox, carpeting, tinted glass, vacuum-assisted front disc brakes and all for \$2200.

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"The Toyota Corona succeeds here too..."

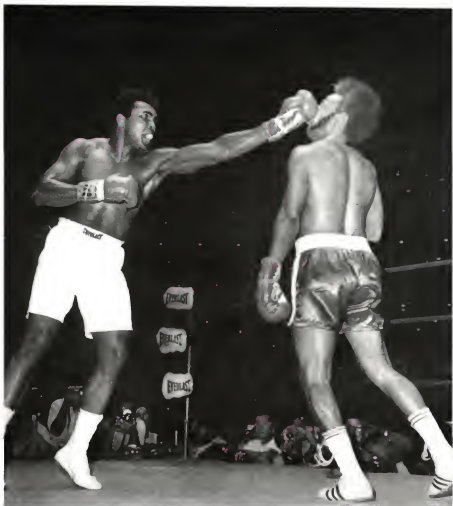
If you're interested in an economy car, take a close look at our car.

The experts did.

(For your nearest Toyota dealer, call (800) 243-6000. In Connecticut, (800) 942-0655. We pay for the call.)



# END OF A





# BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP

*There were times when Muhammad Ali appeared to be sparring with his old partner, pacing himself over 12 rounds, relearning his skills. Then, at the very end, he swiftly destroyed Jimmy Ellis* **by TEX MAULE**

For a brief period he looked like a had student trying to remember a lesson. Muhammad Ali leaned away from Jimmy Ellis' punches, sometimes not quite far enough, so that the left hook or the hard swinging right brushed a face which had been inviolate during the great days of his career.

The left hand flicked out nervously and quickly but, as often as not, Ellis, who must have seen that left reach for him a million times in the thousand-plus rounds he has been in the ring with Ali as a sparring partner, retaliated with a right hand almost as quick. "It wasn't the left hand that beat me," Ellis said later, after he had been rendered helpless in the 12th round by a vicious left uppercut that opened the way for a combination by Ali. "It was a right hand in the fourth round hurt me so bad I couldn't really fight my best after that," Ellis went on. "I knew about that right hand. After all, I been seen' that right hand a long time. When it came, it sneaked up on me and it ruined me." Ali's fourth-round right hand hit Ellis flush on the side of the jaw and turned his knees into jelly. For the next few seconds he wobbled around the ring, fending off a left hook and two more right hands with his gloves and living on instinct. The bell saved him.

For the first three rounds, Ellis had fought an intelligent, courageous fight, moving in on Ali and controlling the exchanges with the knowledge he had gained in all those rounds in the gym. He also had advice from Angelo Dundee, who had trained Ali in all his previous fights. "You can beat Muhammad with a

defensive fight," Dundee said afterward. "You have to make him fight your fight. That's what we wanted Jimmy to do this time, and that's just what he did until he got hit with the right hand."

The right hand may have had much to do with the outcome, but Ali's ability to stay on his toes and move around the ring for almost the whole 12 rounds was really decisive. Against Joe Frazier, Ali often had looked lethargic, shuffling aimlessly and depending on the speed of his hands to contain the continuing charge of his opponent. Against Ellis he was, in ballet terms, on point, moving from side to side on his toes and changing direction quickly and easily. At the end of the fight he was moving more gracefully than at the beginning. "He wanted to prove he could go 12 rounds on his toes and he did," said Dundee. "Ain't many men who could do that, not at his age."

Ali, himself, was more critical. "I know I looked a little pulpy," he said, sweating profusely in his dressing room, his face as unmarked as it had been before the fight. "I ain't in as good shape as I can be, but I'm gonna be in that kind of shape for Frazier. This time I was moving, sticking, working, not letting down, and doing it for 12 rounds. And you got to know—next to me, Jimmy Ellis is the best heavyweight boxer in the world." He drank a bottle of orange soda at a gulp, wiped his face with a towel and said, "I could've knocked him out in the 12th round."

Indeed he could have. He hit Ellis with a savage left uppercut, a second after Chris Dundee, the boxing promoter from Miami who is Angelo's brother, had leaned over and said to a sportswriter at ringside, "He'll take Ellis out

with the left-hand uppercut." The punch straightened Ellis up and left him groggy. Ali then threw a combination that rang bells in Ellis' head—and in the minds of all those who had seen Ali in his prime. The series of blows left Ellis sagging on the ropes, unable to defend himself. Ali did not hit him again, but the referee stopped the fight. "Why didn't you take him out?" someone asked later in the dressing room. "All you had to do was hit him a couple more shots."

"I could see in his eyes he was really hurt bad," Ali said. "Ain't no reason for me to kill nobody in the ring, and if I hit him a couple of more shots, I might kill him. I was just wantin' for someone to say stop it. I ain't in there to kill people."

"Because he is your friend?"

"No," Ali said. "Because he a man, like me."

It would be easy to say, after this fight, that Ali has come back all the way. Possibly he has. Certainly, for the last three rounds he fought with extraordinary speed and the same old ability to string together a sequence of damaging punches. "I was better than I was against Frazier," he said. "Against a man who move faster than Frazier. Next time I fight Joe, it going to be a different story."

Without question, Ali looked better against Ellis, but there were a couple of areas of doubt. The jab now reaches him and, now and then, so does a right cross. All in all, Ali left one clear impression. If he improves as much between this fight and his next as he did between the Frazier fight and this one, Frazier won't beat him again. Neither will anyone else.

END

*A long hard left jab by Ali in the fourth round leaves Ellis slumping like a rag doll.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KERR SCHEIDMAN

# ON THE LAM WITH THE THREE RIVERS GANG

In their locker room in picturesque new Three Rivers (that is, the Allegheny, the Ohio and the Monongahela) Stadium, the Pittsburgh Pirates were enjoying themselves. Manny Sanguillen, the hottest-hitting long-armed Panamanian catcher in baseball, yelled at Duke Giusti, perhaps the best reliever in baseball, "Hey, you too old to throw a fast-ball inside," and then he roared with laughter.

Dock Ellis, the hottest-talking, hottest winning pitcher in the National League, explained that his one-year-old daughter's name, Shangaleza Talwanga, meant "everything black is beautiful" in Swahili. Manager Danny Murtaugh, who looks like a cross between a bulldog and Barry Fitzgerald, sat in his office rocking chair, quietly rocking and chewing. Reserve infielder Jose Pagan walked up to All-Star Leftfielder Willie Stargell (see cover) and hit him five or six good solid blows to the chest.

"O.K.," Pagan announced. "I'm ready. I feel good."

Stargell looked down on his little teammate and agreed. "You do," he said. And not just Pagan. Almost all the Pirates were feeling good and going good. As they loosened up last week for the Dodgers, the Bucs had grounds for team euphoria. They had won 11 in a row and were leading the National League East by 11½ games, with a winning percentage of .667, best in the majors.

They were at home at Three Rivers (that is, at the Monongahela, the Allegheny and the Ohio) where their record for the year was a cozy 35-13. They were batting .284—14 points higher than the faded 1970 Big Red Machine had—and they were leading both leagues in home runs.

Their ace pitcher, Ellis (the only Pirate who wears a fuzzy—or as he prefers to call it, a "velvetized"—batting helmet) was riding a personal winning streak of 13.

Their batting bulwark, Stargell (the only Pirate whose number is marked on everything—even his shower shoes—in

*A melting-pot mob of cheerful rapscallions, Pittsburgh is escaping from the rest of the National League East. The Pirates were remanded last week, however, that they still can get out off at the Bay* **by ROY BLOUNT**

a Roman numeral) was leading baseball with 31 home runs and 88 RBIs, and their bullpen bulwark, Giusti, had a similarly staggering total of 19 saves.

Their Hall of Fame rightfielder, Roberto Clemente, was hitting around .340, as usual, and a couple of weeks before in Houston he had made a catch about which Astro Manager Harry Walker declared, "He took it full flight and hit the wall wide open. It was the best I've ever seen."

They owned an offensive depth that would bring honor to a nuclear submarine. The Pirates' fourth outfielder, Gene Clines, had exactly the same lifetime batting average (covering 31 games in '70 and 52 in '71) as Ty Cobb, and their fill-in second baseman was old Bill Mazeroski—hitting for a better average than when he was a perennial All-Star. Due back soon from Marine camp was Dave Cash, batting .322 and already established, at age 23, as Mazeroski's worthy successor. Altogether, with seven American blacks, six Latinos and a white minority which included at least one Polish American, one Texas American and two redheads, the Pirates had perhaps the richest assortment of ethnic strains ever to heap threats, obloquy and even full nelsons upon one another, day after day, in active harmony at Three Rivers—that is, at the Ohio, the Monongahela and the Allegheny.

Then, that night against the Dodgers, the Pirates lost a baseball game.

Afterward the clubhouse lay silent as a tomb. "Either you do," intoned Stargell at his locker, "or you don't." After a long moment, he added, "The bitter with the sweet."

It seemed an extreme reaction to one defeat in 12 games, but as Starter Steve Blass (now 11-4)—who hadn't even played in the loss—explained the next day when some sparkle had returned to

the atmosphere, "Well, we lost. We didn't know how to react. I didn't know what to say to my wife."

Then the Pirates dropped two out of three to the Giants, their probable opponents in the National League playoffs in October. After the first of those defeats Stargell sat with his 6-year-old son Wilver Jr., called Son-Son, in his lap and asked him if he was ready for the forthcoming father-and-son game.

"Yes," smiled Son-Son.

"Kin you pole it?" asked Stargell.

"Yes," smiled Son-Son.

Stargell wasn't smiling. He had struck out three times and his knees were very bad. Sitting disconsolately next to him was Giusti. After striking out Willie Mays with the bases loaded the night before, Giusti had suggested that Mays couldn't hit a good fastball anymore. Then, this night he had walked Mays in the ninth with the bases loaded on an overly discreet fastball, and followed that by giving up a grand-slam homer to Willie McCovey. Sanguillen wasn't reviling Giusti now. Nobody was saying anything to him, or to anybody—except Stargell to Son-Son. It was awful.

Even at such a moment it was hard to feel sorry for the Pirates. And, as a matter of fact, they promptly rebounded from the Giant series by taking two straight and getting a weekend split in San Diego to maintain an overpowering division lead over Chicago and St. Louis. Stargell brought his home-run total to 32. The Pirates' don'ts and their bitters look pale in comparison with their dos and their sweets.

Take the prime case of Stargell. His knees are puffy, pitted and dumpy looking, and the ravaged cartilages in them

*continued*

*Pirate power is new, but Roberto Clemente's singles will soon stretch to Cooperstown.*



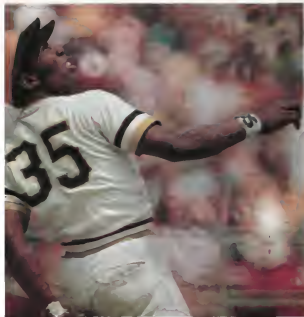


*Outspoken Righthander Dock Ellis (18-3) peers in at a new target.*



*Tiger-tipped Lethander Luke Walker buzzes along on his one-kicker.*

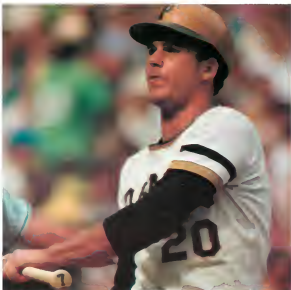
*Self-proclaimed happiness boy Maury Sengulian eyes beebeeb in ruining his muscles.*



apparently make it an ordeal for him to play. He does not like to talk about the problem because, as he says, "I didn't make any excuses when I was having a terrible season and I'm not going to make any now."

Stargell has always had troubles with his knees. One was operated on after the 1964 season, when he was only 23, and the other the next year. At least one of them may have to be cut into again this winter. The other day, Stargell glanced across at Clines and said: "I wish I had just one of his legs." But since Clines is a slim sprinter some five inches shorter than the 6' 2½" Stargell, such an arrangement would require Stargell to play left field at a 45-degree angle. And however ruefully he may regard his pins, Stargell should not trade the rest of himself for anything.

He has an enormous trunk that seems to swell visibly in the batting box as he pins in the dirt with his front foot in a pent-up way, like a man getting ready to lift something tremendous or stop a charge. As he waits, Stargell swings his bat around and around in a plane perpendicular to the plate, so that it looks like a propeller taking its first few spins. Then: Woompl!



Third Basemen Rich Hebner led 19 home runs in his first two seasons, already has 16 this year.



First Baseman Bob Robertson is another whose home-run pace has soared at Three Rivers.

Stargell is one of two men in memory to hit a ball over the right-center field wall in old Forbes Field at the 436-foot mark. Stargell's went an estimated 542 feet. In the 61½ years big-league ball was played in Forbes Field, 18 home runs were hit over its right-field roof; Stargell hit seven of them. Four balls have been hit into the upper deck of Three Rivers since the Pirates moved in last July, three of these to right field and all three by Stargell.

The matter of ball parks—which ones to hit in or out of—is of considerable significance. In Stargell's 16-year career he has never hit more than 33 home runs. That is primarily because of Forbes Field.

Forbes Field represented the thinking of Barney Dreyfuss, the Pirates' first president, who hated, even in the dead-ball era, anything resembling a cheap homer. Forbes Field had a small homer pocket in the right-field corner, but a ball hit directly over the head of a base runner with a modest lead off first had to travel 375 feet to reach the fence; the right-center power alley was 408 feet; the left-center alley was 457 feet. Accordingly, no Pittsburgh team has led the league in home runs since 1903, which

*continued*





was before Forbes Field. Occasionally some observer would wonder why, since Forbes was such a bad place to hit home runs in, no one ever pitched a no-hitter there. But the more spacious the park, the more room there is for singles, doubles and triples to fall in between fielders—and the single-double-and-triple hitter is what Pittsburgh has specialized in, from Honus Wagner through Paul and Lloyd Waner and Kiki Cuyler to Dick Groat, Matty Alou and Clemente.

The main difference between the Pirates who eked out a division title last year and the Pirates who are outmuscled all of baseball now is that not only are the line-drive hitters like Clemente, Cash, Sanguillen, Al Oliver and Cline still flourishing, but Stargell is heading toward 50-plus homers, Third Baseman Richie Hebner and First Baseman Bob Robertson (who reached Three Rivers' left-field upper deck) have good shots at 30 and almost anyone in the lineup is a feasible threat to hit one out. Three Rivers' fences are at nice, standard 340-, 385- and 410-foot distances.

In 1969 Stargell's wife Dolores kept track of her husband's long drives at Forbes Field and figured out that in the new stadium (then under construction) he would have hit 52 instead of 29 for the year. Last year Stargell had four in Forbes Field, nine in Three Rivers and 18 on the road. This year he already has 18 at home.

Three Rivers isn't purely sweet for Stargell, however, because the artificial turf is hard on his legs. The harder outfield surface is more tiring to stand and run around on, and balls take quick, skidding bounces on the Tartan Turf that require knee-wrenching quick cuts of Stargell, who is a conscientious defensive craftsman.

The better with the sweet. Even at Stargell's All-Pro fried chicken parlor, in Pittsburgh's ghetto Hill section, a Stargell homer does not necessarily trigger the fountain of free chicken and merrymaking of popular belief. Stargell's place is attractive and serves good food, and it makes good its promise to serve free to anyone present when the radio announces a Stargell blast, but a count-

erman on duty recently said, "Last time there was one guy in here drinking an orange Slush, and so many junkies outside in the street that it looked like a parade, and junkies aren't buying any chicken. Then Stargell hits one, word gets out and then they all want to come piling in. Uh-uh. I paid for that Slush and put it down for promotion, and that's all. Another time there was a drunk in here ordered \$1.48 worth of chicken, and I gave him his change, and Stargell hit one. I told the guy to give me the two cents back and the chicken was free, and he didn't want to do it. He didn't know what was going on. I told him, 'Listen, just gimme the two cents back, I'm trying to do you a favor.' Finally he did and I gave him his \$1.50 back and he said, 'Well, good. That was my last money. Now I can go buy a drink.'"

Meanwhile, the Pirates are keeping things in perspective, too. Asked what the difference is between his pitching this year and last, Dock Ellis says only, "Runs. Runs." Then he also offers a complaint: "Whenever I say something, it comes out in the papers that I made a complaint." Ellis' most famous assertion—which turned out to be mistaken—was that he would not start in the All-Star Game against Vida Blue because they were both black. More recently he made headlines by observing that the National League was using two different kinds of baseballs, one of which is "too fat" for his hand.

Asked what he is doing differently this year, Steve Blass says, "I find it hard to take it all too seriously. I'm not a heart surgeon. If I'm not throwing well I keep on throwing, and if I am throwing well, I enjoy it. This year I'm throwing well. And we're scoring a lot of runs. Our trainer, Tony Bartirome, is having a great year although he finished sixth in the All-Star balloting. . . ."

"This ball club," says Manny Sanguillen, "it makes no difference whether we're in third place or first, we're the same. We keep each other happy. Me—I'm happy all the time. I think I was happy when I was born. Hey Robertson—I hate to tell you, but you don't have power."

Ellis is listening to some loud music whose lyrics, sung along by Ellis, consist largely of "funky . . . oh yeah." Suddenly the volume goes down, Ellis complains, and asks whose idea that was. Someone points to Clemente. Clemente, the ranking superstar of the club, Cle-

mente, who declares that official scorers do not want him to win a batting championship. Clemente, whom no one used to be able to kid.

"Did you notice how the room went silent?" whoops Ellis. And he breaks into his Clemente imitation. Hobbling, twitching his neck and saying in a Latin accent, "Oh, I not like I used to be. I a little bit of an old man now."

"Did you see Clemente slide last night?" yells Sanguillen, flying halfway across the room in an imitation of that slide, and then freezing on the floor. "I want to go help him up, the old man!" Clemente pretends not to notice; at least, he doesn't appear outraged.

So, the Pirates are keeping their heads up remarkably well for a team of walking wounded that is only 11 games out in front. Some of them, after all, even remain healthy—though Sanguillen says he used to be a much more robust man before he took up baseball.

"I used to be big in the chest, big in the arms. Baseball take it off. The sweat run down. . . . I used to box and swim, I used to be big. But still, you don't see many guys that can do *this*," He flexes and produces a biceps the size of a grapefruit. He tweaks it with his fingers. Nothing happens. He tweaks it a little harder, and—bo-ing, there springs up a small muscle on top of a muscle. "That's muscle," says Sanguillen.

Stargell, too, still has life in him. He is in the dressing room after a Pirate victory over the Giants, in which he stroked an RBI single and tried to acquire another run by stealth. When the Giants left home plate unattended, he stole in from third. But the home-plate umpire, perhaps because Stargell sneaked up on him and made him jump as he was bending over brushing off the plate, had maintained that time was called. Now Stargell is automatically responding to the same tired old questions—about why he is hitting so many more home runs and how many more he expects to hit.

At last he arises to take his shower, takes two flip-flop steps in his number VIII shower shoes, and stops.

"Just one thing," he says. He pauses for emphasis. "I stole home."

And then he struts—not broadly, but subtly, the way a 215-pound man with bad knees and more than 30 home runs in July who knows in his heart that he really did steal home would strut—off to the shower.

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER BOSS 18

While Shortstop Gene Alley provides some gung-ho, Reliever Dave Giusti and Manager Maury Wadsworth dissenting opinions.

# MAYBE YOU CAN WIN THEM ALL

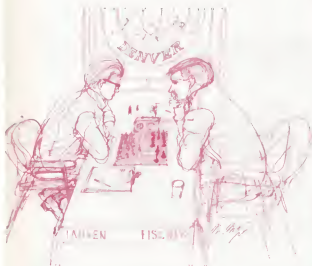
*Bobby Fischer has pitched 19 no-hitters in a row—at least that's one way to look at his 19-game streak in championship chess, including six straight over Bent Larsen in Denver* by ROBERT CANTWELL

Even the Russians, once his sternest critics, have thawed. Bobby Fischer, conceded *Komsomolskaya Pravda* last week, "has turned into a real fighter." By comparison, said the Soviet journal, the listless series of championship chess matches going on in Russia between grand masters Tigran Petrosian and Viktor Korchnoi was "bloodless."

Russian confirmation was hardly necessary. Following his six-game sweep over Denmark's Bent Larsen in Denver last week, Fischer is favored to be the challenger for Boris Spassky's world title next year. But that distinction is beginning to pale beside the chunk of chess immortality

he has already carved out by winning his last 19 games.

Chess experts groping for a parallel to make Fischer's feat intelligible to nonplayers speak vaguely of pitching 19 consecutive no-hitters, or getting 19 home runs in 19 at bats. But the analogies, while apt in the scale of accomplishment, are inexact because, as a rule, more top-level chess games are drawn than are won or lost. A hard-pressed grand master can usually force a draw. Fischer's streak started last December, when he won seven games in a row in the qualifying tournament; then came six over Mark Taimanov of the Soviet Union (SI, June 21), and



Cool and affable Larsen often found himself running out of time for moves against the nervous but always precise Fischer. Only at the finish of the last match in

Denver's Temple Buell auditorium (right) were spectators allowed to approach the stage for photographs. Fischer (top right) stuck into the wipe between moves.





then the astounding climax of six straight over Larsen.

Looking toward Fischer's next match in September, against the winner of the Korchnoi-Petrosian series, and his probable meeting with Spassky, the impression is that Fischer is unbeatable. "He is in a class by himself," says former U.S. champion Larry Evans. Max Euwe, former world champion who figured the odds against Fischer's winning 12 in a row were about 1,000 to 1, now feels he must be picked over Spassky. Fischer himself had little to say after beating Larsen. He praised the Dane and added, "I played pretty well."

A moot question is how advantageous the playing conditions at the Temple Buell College auditorium were for Fischer. The absolute silence, the separation of the players from the audience and the other-worldly lighting had been long sought by Fischer as a chess-playing ideal. No expert would assert that, even given the right conditions, Fischer might never lose another game. But then, no expert ever expected him to win 19 in a row, either. **END**



DRAWING BY FRANKLIN MUMFORD





*By winning a \$50,000 laughter at Westchester, a rested and relentless Palmer proves he's never been far away. And Trevino, tired and testy, proves that even he has to go fishing once in a while* **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

## ARNIE RE-ARMS WHILE LEE FLEES

**J**ust when it seemed as if half the world had put on a sombrero, taped a Band-Aid across its forearm and ordered an enchilada fix in deference to everybody's favorite Super Meskin—Lee Trevino made an eight and missed a cut the other day.

This distracting episode unfolded at the Westchester Golf Classic and, sure enough—Here come de judge—enabled everybody's favorite Super Gringo, A. D. Palmer of Latrobe, Pa., to step out of a prolonged slump and save the week for those who require their winners to be familiar and want a change of expression once an hour.

What Westchester was supposed to be was something far removed from the Palmer laughter it became when Arnie produced four sub-par rounds (64-70-68-68—270) that enabled him to dominate the event from start to finish. His 72-

hole total was 18 under par and five shots better than runners-up Gibby Gilbert and Hale Irwin. Still, the outcome was something of a surprise.

Indeed, this tournament was expected to be a resumption of the battle between Trevino and Jack Nicklaus for present-day superiority in the game. That it turned out, instead, to be good old Ahno's 99th glorious return from the dead (and his 74th career victory) did not take much away from the watching.

Trevino, as everybody knows who has visited the corner newsstand recently, had beaten Nicklaus in a playoff for the U.S. Open title at Merion in June, then had gone on to win the Canadian Open and British Open championships. He had played badly two weeks ago at the Western in Chicago, but admittedly he was tired, psychologically down and coasting after his return from the trip abroad.

Here now—in Harrison, N.Y., one of those very special suburbs just far enough out of Manhattan to require a live-in chauffeur—Trevino surely would be able to get himself up to contend in earnest for the \$50,000 first prize in the World's Richest Golf Tournament.

Since Westchester is certainly that—total prize money amounted to \$250,000, tops on the PGA tour this season—the tournament also brought out most everybody else, too, some from the woodwork. Sixteen of the top 20 money leaders were there, as well as all but three of this year's tournament winners. Youth was represented by current U.S. Amateur champion Lanny Wadkins and British Amateur Champion Steve Melnyk, both of whom had chosen Westchester as an advantageous spot to officially open their pro careers. Moreover, Sam Snead, Julius Boros, Jerry Bar-

ber, Jim Ferrier and their wizened like were also on hand—a rousing tribute to long years and the lure of long green. Snead, in fact, shot two closing 68s to finish in a tie for fourth.

Westchester has always been a major attraction for golfers and spectators alike. Not only is the site of the tournament just a traffic jam away from the largest audience of human bodies possible, but there are all those media people scurrying around, all those talk shows to appear on and, yes, all that money.

When the New York and Newark Ford Dealers Association took its Thunderbird Classic out of the Westchester Country Club in 1966 and drove it over into New Jersey, William Jennings, the holdover general chairman, sowed to bring a bigger and better tournament to Harrison. He enticed Eastern Airlines to help underwrite the affair, offered more money than anybody had before and donated all the proceeds to six local hospitals. With the exception of the ill-starred \$300,000 Dow Jones Open last August, the Westchester Classic has been the World's Richest ever since.

Practically by necessity Westchester offers a pile of moneybags to the touring pros, for if it had to depend on its course, the Classic would hardly get enough players to fill out one side of a leader board. Besides being (next to Atlanta) the hardest layout on the tour for spectators to walk, Westchester's short (6,700 yards), hilly West Course has elements of the cheap shot in it.

"The worst thing you can say about a golf course is that you can hit a good ball and get burned and hit a bad one and be rewarded," says one Westchester hater. "This baby fits the bill."

"Fifty thou first prize makes up for an awful lot," says another pro, "but if we were playing for, say, forty-nine five, I know a lot of guys would skip it."

The preparations of Palmer and Trevino for last week's edition of the Classic were as diverse as their personalities and, together, comprised a valuable comparison in how to combat the intense pressures of high-time golf. Trevino, appearing in his 14th consecutive tournament, was golfed out and mentally exhausted. Having made a commitment long ago to play at Harrison, however, he felt a duty to show up—especially since he had been disqualified last year when he slept through his starting time.

He was obviously not his usual cheery

self. He blasted the tournament marshalls during the pro-am, calling them "the worst ever." Later, to the galleries, he managed to lurch it up for a while, shouting on occasion, "Can't hit it anymore, wallee's in the way." But it was obvious he was dragging and he confided to Joe Luzzi, the original Lee's Flea, "I can't think anymore. I'm in a daze. No spring, no nothing. Got to go lishing."

When he came to the 18th tee on the second day, Trevino was one under par for the tournament. In the next few minutes he hooked his drive, called a penalty on himself, hit a tree, slashed three wedges and two-putted for a horrendous eight, missing the cut by a shot and getting his much-needed vacation. By that time Palmer—refreshed and putting confidently after two weeks off from the tour—had opened with a marvelous eight-under 64 and was in the process of carving out a second-round 70.

Palmer's own "vacation" had consisted of nothing more than a retreat from the competitive rigors of the game. During the British Open he had stayed at home doing paper work, working on clubs and negotiating to buy Latrobe Country Club. The week before Westchester he had flown to his Arnold Palmer Golf academies for youngsters in Cameron Park, Calif. and Stratton, Vt. and stopped off in Bozeman, Mont. to discuss plans for a course he is building there for Chet Huntley.

"I said two weeks ago this was going to happen to Lee," Palmer said upon hearing of Trevino's departure. "He's just finding out what it's like. Nobody can play at that pace and stay on top. I ought to know. He realizes now what it means to feel obligated to all the people. It takes its toll."

Meanwhile Nicklaus, suffering from conjunctivitis in both eyes and complaining of periods of blurred vision, was unable to drop many good putts and faded back into the pack. His difficulties did not keep him from remembering his 11th wedding anniversary. He sent wife Barbara a stainless-steel hatchet with a note reading, "Let's bury this forever."

With Trevino fading and Nicklaus ailing, Palmer had only to worry about a couple of guys named Wood and Smith during the first two days. Larry Wood, a 32-year-old former club pro whose wife stays in the motel baby-sitting their dog and working on her master's thesis, was



Wary Trevino signs his first-round card.

a stroke behind after 18, while Bob E. Smith, playing with a mixed set of clubs (his were stolen), was two shots back after 36.

On Saturday, while Wood and Smith disappeared, Palmer's 68 increased his lead once more. He now led Gibby Gilbert by three shots. But Gilbert, who had made 19 birdies in three days, revealed where his interests lay. "I can't think of anybody I'd rather chase," he said. "But I'm not gambling. Second prize is a lot of money here and I won't mind it."

For Palmer, of course, such an attitude would be heresy. "Arnold's been stung the last few weeks by all the Trevino publicity," said a close friend. "He gets away from the adulation and it kills him. The money is nothing, but this tournament means a lot to the public and so it does to Arnold. He wants to win one fast and get the people back."

Palmer's 18-under performance, which set a Classic record, accomplished that at least. But as the screaming, trampling thousands who accompanied him all week must have shown, Arnie had never really lost them.

END

# THE SECRETS OF SPEED

by BILL BOWERMAN  
with GWILYM S. BROWN

Few men have studied their sport as diligently as Bill Bowerman. After two decades of scrutinizing runners and films of runners, of conducting innumerable tests and experiments, the University of Oregon track coach has evolved theories of how to run that may seem revolutionary, but which have proved dramatically effective. He has transformed slow runners into fast ones, good runners into great ones. His pupils have won four team and 24 individual NCAA championships and have set or tied 25 American and world records. The answer to the question of why one man can run fast while another of similar physique seems forever destined to be slow is more often that the slow fellow is running incorrectly rather than that he was born that way. Running seems to be such a natural activity that most people, including many outstanding competitors, give no thought to technique. What Bowerman reveals on the following pages—with the aid of some of his premier runners, such as distance champion Steve Prefontaine (right), and Phillip Leonian's photographs—is that there is a right way and a wrong way to run. His rules apply to all running, for competing in the Olympics, for charging the net in tennis, for stealing second base or for merely taking a jog along a beach.

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**POSTURE** The most important element in developing and maintaining a smooth, efficient running style is an upright posture. This is just as true for the sprinter as for the jogger. Ideally, when you are running, your posture should be so erect that a plumb line could be dropped from your ear lobe straight down through the line of the shoulder, the line of the hip and then on to the ground (note Prefontaine's carriage). Unfortunately, many people, including athletes, seem to feel it is necessary to lean forward in order to generate maximum thrust while running. This is wrong. A forward lean might be useful for someone trying to bash down a wall with his head, but in running it merely gives the leg muscles a lot of unnecessary work. When the upper body is permitted to rotate forward beyond the center of gravity—that is to say, forward of the straight up-and-down line—the lower body must compensate by rotating back behind the center of gravity. The

*continued*



## SPEED continued

runner is therefore off-balance and, to a certain extent, falling down. Instead of exclusively propelling the body forward, the leg muscles must also exert an upward force to counter the downward momentum created by the pressure of a body that is off-balance. Thus the legs not only waste strength and energy, but their freedom to achieve a full, natural extension is inhibited. The result is an awkward, choppy stride.

Almost all great runners and sprinters, from Paavo Nurmi and Jesse Owens on, have maintained an upright posture. When he is perfectly vertical a runner's weight is supported by his legs and feet as they move smoothly back and forth under his body with a minimum of strain. All of his energy is being used to propel him forward. Staying upright is so important that even in a 60-yard dash quite a strong case can be made for the standing start over the classic crouching position. At Oregon two of my own sprinters, Otis Davis, the 1960 Olympic 400-meter champion, and Jerry Taer, an NCAA hurdles champion, were able to cover 40 yards one-fifth of a second faster from a standing start than from a crouch. Both went back to the crouch only because they felt foolish standing at the starting line while everyone else in the race was down in the blocks.

Good posture is developed by good muscle tone more than by repeated, shouted commands to stand up straight. One way of developing good tone is through the following isometric exercise. Stand with your back against a wall, with your heels four inches out from its base and your knees slightly bent. Now rotate your pelvis forward from underneath by tightening the abdominal muscles and trying to get as much of your back as possible flat against the wall. Tighten the abdominal muscles hard and hold the position for five to 10 seconds. Repeat four or five times. After the first session you may walk away feeling as though a crowbar has been slipped up your spinal column; notwithstanding, this exercise will strengthen the gluteal, abdominal and back muscles and will encourage you to keep your pelvis at the proper angle, which is all-important in developing a sound running posture.

*continued*

In full stride, middle-distance man Mike McClendon maintains upright posture and minimizes arm action to conserve oxygen.





## SPEED continued

**THE STRIDE** There are two popularly held beliefs about the actions involved in an effective stride that I think are either overrated or misunderstood. The first is that you should try to achieve a high knee lift. Well, bringing your knees up to waist level is fine if you are a halfback trying to break a tackle. Otherwise, it is inefficient, for it makes the heavy muscles of the back, pelvis and thighs do more work than they should. The second such notion is that a long stride is automatically a good stride. This can be true, but by no means is it always true. Too often long striding is simply overstriding. Overstriding produces a variety of undesirable effects. Too long an extension backward stretches the extensor muscles of the leg and hip beyond the point at which they can generate maximum forward thrust. The result is loss of speed or the need to expend more effort to maintain the same speed. Too long an ex-

ension forward is likely to produce a jolting, braking action. Overstriding can also cause strain and soreness in the thigh and pelvic muscles. A long, relaxed stride is fine provided it stays within the limits of a runner's natural flexibility and mechanical efficiency. Since this is a difficult point to determine without the aid of expert coaching, you are better off keeping the stride short.

One good check for overstriding is to focus your eyes on a stationary object in the near foreground, such as a pole or a tree, while running. The object should stay quite level relative to objects in the far distance and not appear to bob up and down excessively. If it is bobbing up and down violently either a terrible earthquake is in progress or you are overstriding. Anyone who has ever chased a fly ball will be familiar with this phenomenon. Often the ball appears to be jumping up and down as erratically as a

The strobe camera reveals that even a fine quarter-mile like Walden Vanca cannot keep his head absolutely still at top speed.





moth in flight. Shortening the stride helps level out the ball's apparent line of flight. Taking short steps will also enable an outfielder to quickly change direction if he has misjudged the ball.

A layman generally defines a stride as one step, but for the specialist a stride is the complete cycle that takes place from the time a foot leaves the ground until it is lifted off the ground once again. During this cycle three phases of motion occur. They are:

1) **Lift-Off:** The foot should be lifted by a coordinated push-pull action of the muscles in the calf (push) and front thigh (pull). To gain an extra explosion of power a sprinter can also give a backward flick with the ball of his foot and his ankle, but for long, steady running this final action is fatiguing.

2) **Forward Swing:** As the foot leaves the ground the

leg swings forward and upward through contraction of the front muscles of the thigh, or quadriceps. It is helpful to force yourself deliberately to think of using these muscles to swing the leg forward. The quadriceps continue to contract until the knee has reached its most forward point.

3) **Backward Swing:** Once the knee is at its forward position, the hamstring muscles at the back of the thigh contract and pull the leg down and back. The hamstring continues to contract as the foot lands and lifts off again, thus completing the cycle.

One more point. If you are running steadily over a distance you should try to keep your shoulders, chest and hips facing straight ahead, holding side-to-side swiveling action to an absolute minimum. When sprinting, on the other hand, you should turn the hips somewhat with each stride to help provide additional forward thrust.

*continued*

but his stride is springy and relaxed, his powerful thigh and pelvis muscles propelling his legs up, then pulling them back





## SPEED continued

**FOOT STRIKE** There are two basic ways in which the foot may strike the ground. The most common, as well as the most comfortable and efficient, is for the foot to hit flat, or possibly back toward the heel, and then roll forward across the ball. The second, which is used primarily by a runner needing a short, explosive burst of speed, is to land on the ball of the foot and stay up on it throughout the entire stride. There are runners who are endowed with sufficiently limber ankles to be able to hit on the ball of the foot and then settle back on the heel, but this is extremely rare.

When your foot first makes contact with the ground two fundamentals must be carefully observed. First, your foot should strike *after* it has reached its farthest point of advance and has actually started to swing back. Second, when your foot first strikes, the point of contact should be directly under your knee, not out in front of it, and as nearly as possible squarely beneath your center of gravity.



For an explosive burst of speed, land on the ball of the foot.

**ARM ACTION** The faster you swing your arms, so long as the action is rhythmic, the faster you will be able to move your legs. While sprinting, keep your arms low and pump them hard and rapidly. For slower running, hold your arms in a comfortable, restful position and keep their action to a minimum. Your hands should be fairly close to your chest, at about the height of the pectoral muscles. This minimizes the work the heart must do to pump blood and oxygen into the arms. Lower each hand and arm no more than a foot or so as the leg on the opposite side goes back. Out-of-rhythm flailing by either arm will also cause a similar, compensatory activity by the opposite side of the body. This is both tiring and inefficient. On the other hand, a runner whose legs have gone dead can often keep moving rapidly if he pumps his arms as fast as possible.

Sprinting Albert Heavey resembles a cyclist upright on his seat, legs windmilling under him, feet pushing off the ball.

Fortunately, both fundamentals are easy enough to comply with by keeping your knees slightly bent at all times and by not overstriding. If the foot hits the ground ahead of the knee, the leg will be too straight and will act as a brake instead of an accelerator. The entire body will be severely jolted with each stride. This creates fatigue, pain and possibly eventual injury.

A word of warning to those who run up on the ball of the foot: this practice puts pressure on the arch of the foot as well as on the bones and muscles. If performed for distances over a few hundred yards, the chances are it will cause knotting and fatigue in the calf muscles, and there is the possibility of various injuries.

There is a good deal to be said in favor of landing flat-footed or on your heels. There is no question but that this is the most comfortable method. It also makes it possible to combine quickness of foot with balance and maneuverability, which is valuable in any number of sports.

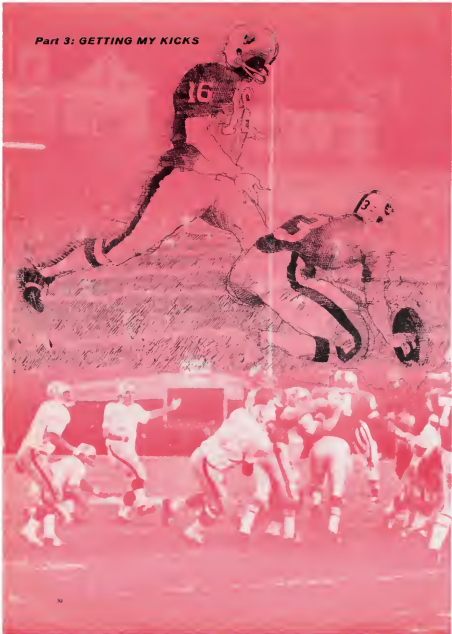


For distance running, it is better to land softly on the heel.

**BREATHING** For anything less than a full sprint, breathing should be steady and rhythmic, the runner inhaling and exhaling through a partially open mouth as well as through the nose. The best way of going about this is by setting up a pattern. Anyone other than a trained athlete or runner should probably breathe on a two-count beat. In other words, exhale every second time the right foot strikes the ground. If you are doing a lot of fast starting and stopping, remember to breathe very deeply when you get winded. A trick used by some of our distance runners at Oregon is to hold air in the cheeks for a brief instant before exhaling it with a brisk "puff." The theory is that slightly pursing the lips upon exhaling creates greater alveolar pressure and makes for a longer and better oxygen-carbon dioxide exchange.

END

### **Part 3: GETTING MY KICKS**



# THAT IMPOSSIBLE SEASON

by GEORGE BLANDA with JACK OLSEN

It could not happen Sunday after Sunday. But it did. The world's oldest quarterback tells what it felt like when such dramatic feats as his 48-yard kick that beat Kansas City (below) became mere commonplace

By the time the 1970 season was three games old and we had lost two and tied one, even our Oakland writers had counted us out. One said the season "should be swept under the rug immediately." But there are always criers of doom around, and I try never to listen to them or talk to them. The pro football season lasts 14 games; only fools give up after three. I remember 1961 at Houston when we won one of our first five games and everybody was counting us out and we came back to win nine straight, the division championship and the league championship. That's one reason I'm an optimist: I've seen too many "dead" teams come out of the grave and win it all. Experience has taught me optimism. Or maybe I'm just dumb.

When the gloomy articles began to appear last year I worked harder than ever to put on a happy face. I told the guys we were a much better team than our record showed, that we'd been victimized by a crazy collection of

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bad breaks. Which was true. Things like Charlie Smith running 65 yards for a touchdown against Miami and the referee calling it back for holding. Things like getting penalized 140 yards a game. I felt the breaks had to start going our way. It never occurred to me that we were anything but a first-place ball club.

We beat Denver and Washington to even our record at 2-2-1, but we were still down in the standings. Our sixth game of the season was against Pittsburgh, and we knew we were in for trouble. The Steelers had beaten us easily in the exhibition season, and they had allowed an average of only 13 points a game in the regular season. They had that big kid, Terry Bradshaw, at quarterback and their defense was anchored by Mean Joe Greene. It was a game I was dying to get in, but I figured I had little chance. I knew all the guys would be watching on television back at the VFW hall in Youngwood, Pa., my old home town. To those guys Pittsburgh and Cleveland were the key teams in the NFL. If you could beat Pittsburgh and Cleveland you were a pro. Everything else was vanilla.

Daryle Lamonica started at quarterback, and Kenny (The Snake) Stabler and I did our thing on the sidelines. We watched the Pittsburgh defense and tried to figure out how it could be beaten. The game wasn't very old before we realized that the Steeler secondary could be had short. It was leaving the middle wide open and it also looked weak deep on the left side where our Warren Wells was working. We'd noticed in game films that Pittsburgh seemed to red-dog by down and yardage, and the game confirmed this.

Late in the first quarter the score was 7-7, and The Snake and I were in conference when I heard John Madden holler, "George, you're going in. Throw to Chester over the middle."

I looked over and there was Daryle leaping around. It was that old back trouble of his, and he could hardly move. I grabbed my helmet and ran out on the field and on the first play I hit Ray Chester right over the middle for a 29-yard touchdown. The play was called back for holding. On the next series of downs we faked a running play and sent Warren Wells running like crazy right up the field. I cut loose, and Wells and Pittsburgh cornerback Mel Blount got to the ball at the same time, but War-

ren caught it for a touchdown. Then we hit a field goal, and soon after Chester caught a 19-yard touchdown pass. I wondered what the boys at the VFW hall were thinking. We won the game 31-14 and everybody had played well.

In the dressing room the reporters circled around my locker, but I refused to talk to them. I'd had enough trouble with reporters. One of them wrote later: "One thing about George, win or lose his disposition remains the same." Another wrote: "Daryle Lamonica loused up the Pittsburgh Steelers. He didn't play." At first glance that looked like a knock on Daryle, but it wasn't. What the writer meant was that the Steelers had practiced all week against Daryle's style of quarterbacking, and then they had to cope with something entirely different. As Daryle explained it himself, "George throws the slants, the poles, the quick stuff that he has all his life. They were preparing for me, for the long and intermediate passes. George comes in, sets up shorter, throws quicker, and it confuses their timing." I enjoyed those kind words, but I was even more pleased by something my little brother John said after the game: "George, we've always said you're the third-best quarterback in the family, but the way you're developing we may have to move you up a notch."

The next week we played at Kansas City and the game turned out to be a tag-team match, with Ben Davidson squaring off against Otis Taylor of the Chiefs and some of the other guys mixing it up. It got right down to the last few seconds with the Chiefs ahead 17-14, and it looked like our only hope was going to be a long field goal against the wind. It was cold and I hadn't played at all, and I was running up and down the sidelines trying to get that elderly blood moving in that elderly kicking leg. We were out of time-outs, but a Kansas City player got hurt and that gave me a few extra minutes to rub up my leg, do some more deep knee bends and knead those five ice cubes called toes. Then John Madden came over. "George, we've got to kick it," he said. Daryle slapped me on the back and said, "All you gotta do, George, is just hit it like you always do. I'll give you a good hold."

The old optimist said, "No problem. We got it." I wasn't whistling in the dark, either. Ever since I'd missed a key kick at San Diego earlier in the season,

my kicking had been straight and sure, the best of my career.

We went out on the field and Daryle knelted at their 48-yard line. I looked the Kansas Cityers over. They had Buck Buchanan, all 6' 7" of him, lined up in the middle. This meant I had to get the ball off quick and up high, which would take some of the distance off it.

I measured my two steps backward and waited. I concentrated on the spot. My whole world was one square yard. I wasn't the least bit nervous—I don't get nervous. The sign? We're called, our offensive line dog in, Jim Otto gave Daryle a perfect center, right down on the fingertips, and Daryle gave me a perfect hold, laces facing toward the goalposts and the ball at just the right angle. I kicked a little low on the ball to get it up and over Buck Buchanan and this took some of the punch off it, but it got up real quick and I could see it had the carry. It was good by about a yard. Three seconds showed on the clock and we ran it out on the kickoff.

That 17-17 tie turned our whole season around. The game had been lost, not once but several times, yet Daryle and the rest of the guys had never given up and now we were in first place by ourselves in the Western Division. Once again the reporters clustered around me in the locker room, and once again I guess I was a sphinx. I had played for about five seconds, I had done a routine job. The real heroes were guys like Daryle and Jim Otto and Tom Keating. "It was just another kick," I said. "Just like all the rest."

That night my bosses at REA gave a party in Kansas City and my old Houston and Oakland teammate Billy Cannon, who had signed with the Chiefs for the season, showed up. In that Louisiana drawl of his, he said, "George, I knew you were gonna make that field goal. I knew it. I told all the Chiefs. I said, 'Boys, this is a tie ball game. There ain't no way old Daryle is gonna miss this one.'"

The game had been on national television, and afterward I realized that I was reaching more than just the TV viewers at the VFW hall in Youngwood. Somebody from Tulsa, Okla. telegraphed: DEAR GEORGE HOW SWEET IT IS, YOU'RE ONE EXCITING BALLPLAYER. OLD, BUT EXCITING! The Over-40 Fan Club of Seattle wired: YOUR EFFORTS THE PAST TWO SUNDAYS HAVE BEEN

DEEPLY APPRECIATED. And an Over-40 Fan Club from the Los Angeles area wired: ON BEHALF OF ALL THE OTHER SINGLE OLD WRECKS, WE SALUTE YOU! There was one sour-grapes wire, from a Kansas City fan: BACK TO THE OLD FOLKS HOME, YOU PHONY!

The next week we were scheduled to play Cleveland, and I was so excited thinking about the game that I hardly slept all week. Daryle was in good shape again and I figured I wouldn't play, but just the faint hope was enough to keep me on the edge of my seat. Cleveland was a very special team in my book. During my 10 years with the Chicago Bears they had beaten us game after game, humiliated us, caused us terrible dressings-down from George Halas. I remembered a game maybe 12 or 15 years before when I'd had a little skirmish with some Cleveland players and on the next kickoff they sent a couple of their bully boys down the field with the sole assignment of getting me—which they did. Believe me, I had no love for the Cleveland Browns. Plenty of respect, but no love at all.

Well, we should have blown the Browns right out of the stadium. We started off with a touchdown and two field goals and were ahead 13-0 in the second quarter. What a joy! What a pleasure! Then all of a sudden it turned around. We got fumblefingers and they began executing. They racked up 17 points on us and held a 17-13 lead going into the fourth quarter when suddenly John Madden was hollering, "George, get in there." Daryle had been hit from the blind side and his shoulder was badly hurt. I went in and threw an interception and Cleveland turned it into a field goal to go ahead 20-13. There were four minutes left to play.

We started from our 31, and we knew it was our last chance. Warren Wells caught a pass for 31 yards, Charlie Smith caught one for seven and Hewitt Dixon caught one for six. Then I got dumped for a 10-yard loss, so Cleveland was in a prevent defense and everybody in the stadium was looking for a pass. I called our favorite pass play, "99 in Y in," and I looked to throw to Tight End Ray Chester over the middle, but he was covered. Then I saw Freddie Biletnikoff scrambling across from right to left, almost in the clear, only two Cleveland linemen were about to nail me and I had to get out of their way.

All this took awhile, so Freddie turned around and ran back to the right sideline, and now he was completely in the clear. As I was being tackled I lobbed the ball off-balance about 17 yards to him, and we had the first down.

We'd been calling plays in quick succession to save time and I was getting a little bushed. We called time out and I was leaning over trying to get my breath when John Madden motioned me to the sidelines. I said to myself, "I don't think I can make it over there." Does he have to talk to me at a time like this? He must think I'm 18 years old. I loped over, like a marathon runner in the final 100 yards. It was a hot, humid day and I was drenched, and I just kind of slumped to my knees when I got there.

"Do you think we ought to run one or two?" Madden said.

I said, "John, I'm gonna throw. I think I can hit Warren Wells. I'm gonna call the same pass to him four straight times if I have to. I know I'll hit him at least once."

"O.K., George, it sounds good to me," he said. "Now go in and do it."

So I called old "99 in Y in" again, only to Wells' side instead of Biletnikoff's. The idea was that our "Y" end, Ray Chester, would go down the middle and the strong safety would climb all over him. That would leave Wells one-on-one with the outside guy for the touchdown. "Just remember, Warren," I said in the huddle, "we don't want an interception, so as soon as the outside guy turns, I'm gonna fire it low and hard. Be ready."

"Don't worry,"

Warren said. Nobody ever had to tell that football player to be ready. He caught the pass for a 14-yard touchdown and the game was all tied up at 20-20.

In any normal football season that would have been the end of it; we would have had our third tie of the year. But this was 1970, the wild year, so there was more to come. Cleveland got the ball and threw a pass and Kent McCloghnan intercepted

it at midfield with 34 seconds left. We fiddled around and I threw a few incomplete passes and Cleveland's Jack Gregory blindsided me and I took a poke at him, and pretty soon there are three seconds left and we're lining up for a 52-yard field goal, the longest one I'd ever tried for Oakland. I was tired, plenty tired, but there was no doubt in my mind I'd make that kick good. We had blown the game and then come back to tie it. All the momentum was ours. That kick had to be good. My Slovak optimism was showing again.

This time Kenny Stabler was the holder, since Daryle was injured, but The Snake and I had practiced together often and I knew he'd do his job. The only thing I did differently—because of the distance—was to lengthen my first step a little and put a tiny bit more backside into the kick. I hit it good, ankle locked, swing nice and even, and all the time I'm thinking about those years with the Bears when the Browns had kicked us all over the field. I really was. Here was my revenge, my payoff for all those aches and bruises. Later somebody played me a tape of the Oakland broadcast of the game:

Waiting for the snap. Fourth down. Here it is. Snap, spot it, it's kicked. That's got a chance! That is—GDDDD! It's good! Holy Toledo! The place has gone wild. Whoo-ee! I don't believe it! I don't believe it! There are three seconds left in the game. Well, if you can hear me, this place has gone wild.

*continued*



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALAN COBBE



The Oakland Raiders 23, the Cleveland Browns 20. George Blanda has just been elected KING OF THE WORLD!

After the game there was the usual commotion, but I avoided most of it by staying in the showers for 20 minutes. Ben Davidson told one of the reporters, "We got to quit relying on the old man. It's not right." One Cleveland paper headlined THE OLD MAN DOES IT AGAIN, and Hal Lebovitz wrote in the *Plain Dealer*: "The real villain was the incredible George Blanda. Personally I'm disposed to applaud. Once again he struck a blow for us old folks." NBC reported record numbers of viewers, and one of their program coordinators said, "The attraction has been George Blanda basically. These are games people don't walk away from. They can't leave for fear George will do it again."

The next weeks were tough on me. I guess everybody enjoys love and affection but I hadn't been accustomed to much of either during my two decades in pro football and now everybody was swarming me under. Walter Cronkite sent a news team to interview me and his people kept asking me if I was nervous during the games. I felt like saying, "No, but I'm plenty nervous right now?" "Blanda for Mayor" buttons began popping up, and the editor of *The Catholic Voice* wrote that church attendance was rising "because so many Oakland fans were saying if he makes this one I'll go back to church." I was featured in the *Slovak v America*, and the *Miami Herald* had an editorial about

me ("All Hail Old Man Blanda, a man for all ages, we say, creaking over our typewriter. Age will be served!"). I was getting about 20 letters a day, one from as far away as Japan, and I just had to stack all of them up to read later. We still had football games to play.

In the middle of the week between the Cleveland and Denver games, I turned on the radio and heard sepulchral music and

then an announcer with an inner-sanctum voice saying, "Tune in next Sunday to find out if George Blanda can kick one over the Rockies and through the goalposts." The next day I went into a restaurant and the waitress said, "You can do it, you can do it."

"Do what?" I said.

"Kick it over the Rockies and through the goalposts!"

We figured the Denver game would be one of the toughest of the year, and we were right. In the last quarter we were behind 19-17 and Denver's big linemen were hurting us. John Madden patted me on the tail and said, "George, get warmed up. Maybe we'll change the tempo a little bit." With four minutes to play, he sent me in. As I ran out on the field a snowball whistled past my ear. Denver fans like to participate in the action.

On the first play from our 20-yard line I threw to Hewitt Dixon for a two-yard loss. Then I threw incomplete. Now it was third and 12, and I called my favorite pass—99 in—right down the middle. I never even looked at the primary receiver, Rod Sherman, because I knew he would be where he was supposed to be. I concentrated on "looking" the free safety off in order to lock him in place and keep him from helping out on Rod. The fake worked, too. After the season I ran into the Denver free safety, Paul Martha, and he said, jokingly, "You son-of-a-gun, you looked at me and I just stood there. I knew what you were gonna do, but you just looked me off." I said, "Paul, that's one of the advantages of having baby-blue eyes." I threw the

ball just as Dave Costa decked me with a forearm, and Rod caught it for a first down. Then Warren Wells made a great catch on a ball that I threw short, and a few plays later Freddie Biletnikoff beat his man by three or four yards and we had the winning touchdown. It had taken exactly a minute and a half of playing time.

America's surgical-stocking set really began to get excited after that Denver game. Columnist Erma Bombeck wrote a very funny piece about it. She said that when I kicked a long field goal at Cleveland her husband "kicked his tonic bottle 32 feet into the air," and when I threw the winning pass at Denver her husband "announced that he was donating his support hose to Goodwill." Ted O'Leary, the Kansas City writer, wrote that I was a menace to everyone in his 40s, that I had deprived them of the alibi of age.

There were even poems about me. One long one, in a California paper, ended: At 43, he's getting old, As football players know.

But don't tell George, at least not yet.

We've five more games to go!

At least that Oakland radio station discontinued its "Grand Canyon" routine. Instead it plugged our next game:

"Will George sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*? Will George be on key? Will George master the Banner? Will George pull out Old Glory? Find out today at 12:40, when the San Diego Chargers and the Raiders knock heads on KNEW, the station that lets George do it every Sunday."

Well, my luck held for the fifth straight week. With the score tied, I take you now to the KNEW broadcast booth and the voice of Bill King:

The clock stops at seven seconds, and here comes George Blanda onto the field. Could anyone in the whole world set the stage any more dramatically to put any more heat on the shoulders of one guy than did the whole Raider organization right there? They've put it where they wanted it, and they knew—everybody here knew—exactly what they were waiting for. . . . The 16-yard line. Lamonica will spot it. He waits. It's snapped. It's spotted. It's kicked. It's good! GOOD! George Blanda has kicked



the Oakland Raiders into a three-point lead! Four seconds remain to go, and this may tie the San Francisco Bay area up into a knot from which it may never extricate itself again!

As we were trotting off the field a strange thing happened. A woman hovered down at John Madden, "Look what you're doing, you jerk. You're making Blanda a hero. You're making the other guys look like bums. Why'd you kick a field goal? Why didn't you go for the touchdown?" It takes all kinds.

After five successive lightning bolts, I began to think I was living in a goldfish bowl. My telephone rang incessantly, and I had to tell the motel switchboard to screen the calls. Newspapers were running headlines like *NO HUM, BLANDA AGAIN*, and one guy wrote that the Raider team seemed "determined to set an AFL record for cardiac arrests." The producers of *Mission: Impossible* sent a telegram complaining that we had "pirated and plagiarized" their show. The Football Hall of Fame at Canton, Ohio sent for one of my old game shirts and displayed it in the rotunda, sweat stains and all. Twist called me "rotly-poly," which brought a heavyweight response from Ed Pope of the *Miami Herald*. "The Twist writer had not seen Blanda in the flesh," Pope wrote. "Blanda's body is as firm as a stiletto, about as creaky as a shock absorber on a Rolls-Royce." Imagine!

My long lucky string went on the line on Thanksgiving Day against Detroit, one of the finest teams in pro football. We made a terrific mistake early in that game: we got off to a two-touchdown lead and started laughing it up on the sidelines. You don't do that to a team as proud as the Detroit Lions. After the Lions came back to score three touchdowns on us, Madden sent me in to change the tempo once again, and slowly but surely we began to roll. We worked the ball down to their 40, and then good old Ray Chester slipped past the safetyman and caught a pass on the three-yard line. Man, I was excited. We were going to do it again—for the sixth straight week. Then I looked over to the sideline and saw a yellow flag. I knew if it was on the sideline it had to be against us—and it was. Ray had left the line of scrimmage just a hair too soon. The magic was gone. I just knew

it. As we walked off the field a few minutes later, Detroit Linebacker Wayne Walker put me on the tail and said, "Not this time, oldtimer." Imagine that oldtimer calling me an oldtimer!

After the Detroit game we squeaked by the Jets 14-13 and beat Kansas City at home to lock up the AFC West. Then we beat Miami in the first playoff game, and all that stood between us and the Super Bowl was a league championship battle against the Baltimore Colts, a team we respected but not a team that frightened us in the least. I always had a soft spot in my heart for Baltimore; at one time years ago I thought I might be playing for the Colts, and I would have, with pleasure. I felt I had something in common with those people who fill Memorial Stadium Sunday after Sunday, year after year. They're good, solid, hard-working people; they want the Colts to win, and they don't want any excuses. Sometimes they even help out the team by screaming so loud that visiting clubs can't hear their own signals. They mean business. I wasn't the least bit surprised when they started pelting us with iceballs from the minute we ran on the field for the big game. "Welcome to Baltimore," I told Tom Keating. "We're playing 56,000 people."

Well, the Colts got off to a 10-0 lead, and then Bubba Smith knocked Darryle out of the game with a crunching tackle. All of a sudden I'm out there playing. We picked up a field goal, but then I threw an interception. I was drifting over to cover, the way I always do, to try and make the tackle if necessary, and I became aware of this powerful force bearing down on me. It was Billy Ray Smith, 35 years old, out of the University of Arkansas, pounding my way. It flushed through my mind how one year in an exhibition game Billy had tackled me and then pointed to me on the ground and told all his teammates, "Why, lookie here. There's a football player older than I am." Now I watched him running at me like a little kid, and something about it struck me funny: Billy Ray Smith, 35, and George Blanda, 43, the resuable force and the movable object, about to collide. He saw me grinning and he pulled up short of me and stopped, and we both just stood there laughing. Somebody else made the tackle, and Billy Ray jumped off to his side and I limped off to mine. Later on he told me he'd deliberately selected me as

the man to hit. "I figured I'd better get somebody in my own age group," Billy Ray said.

In the second half I passed to Fred Biletnikoff for a touchdown to tie the game. Baltimore's young linebacker Ted Hendricks had been dogging on the play, and he really racked me up. Somebody missed an assignment and Hendricks just blew in. "I'm sorry, Mr. Blanda," he said, "but I couldn't help hitting so hard. Nobody even slowed me down."

I said, "That's O.K., kid, don't worry about it." That's what's called respect for your elders.

The Colts went ahead again—they were really high for this game—and when we were behind 20-10 I realized there wasn't much we could do but pass. Baltimore realized this, too, and they just turned their linemen loose on every play. One time Bubba Smith hit me from the blind side, picked me up, turned me over in mid-air, threw me down on my head and fell on me. I thought my neck was broken. Since Kenny Stabler was not on the active list at the time, it went through my mind that Al Davis was going to have to suit up and play quarterback. I'm lying there on the ground, scared to move my head for fear it'll fall off, and I see somebody looking down at me. It's Billy Ray Smith again. He's laughing. "Hey, old folks," he says. "You want some help?"

I gave him a dirty look and he said, "Come on now, oldtimer, you got to get up. You ain't got nobody else to put in." He pleads with me, "Come on now, George. Let me help you. We got to get this game over with."

I said, "Billy Ray, let me alone. I'm gonna get up, you dumb fool. Just get back over there where you belong." He went away laughing.

A few plays later I threw the 99 pass to Warren Wells to cut the lead to 20-17, but Baltimore came right back and scored again and it ended 27-17, with us still trying madly to score. Somebody said in the locker room that we'd gone down with flying colors, but that didn't comfort me a bit. I just sat in front of my locker and cried. I didn't care who saw me. We'd had a chance to go to the Super Bowl again and we'd blown it, and this was the third year in a row we'd lost the big game at the end of the season. A writer came over and told me that I'd thrown for a lot of yardage and completed a lot of passes. I just said,

continued

"Don't talk about it. The score's all I remember."

So the great season was over, and the postseason activities began. I won so many awards I didn't know what to do with them, and I was more than a little embarrassed. I mean, I was getting awards that should have gone to our whole team, to the guys who blocked for me, the guys who caught my passes, the guys who kept us in the game so I could go in there and do my thing. But as one of our players told me, "George, don't be embarrassed. Go out there and enjoy every second of it. Remember all the years when you did the work and other people got the credit."

And I did. I went to Philadelphia to accept the Bert Bell Award from the Maxwell Football Club, I went to Miami to accept the Touchdown Club's Player-of-the-Year Award and I showed up at various other places to accept such things as the Associated Press Male Athlete of the Year award, and *The Sporting News* Player of the Year award and the Vincent T. Lombardi Award for "dedication to professional football." In a way, that was the one I liked the best. Marie Lombardi, Vince's widow, made the presentation, and I was really touched.

The typical ceremonies were formal and stiff and kind of dull, but once in a while there was a lively one. At Miami the toastmaster gave me an award and added: "George's incredible list of accomplishments is too long to recite. George, as you know, is 43, he would have been 45, but he was sick a couple years. . . . His lovely wife Betty says

George's appearance has never changed over the years. He's *always* looked old. Blanda has had so many invitations to those dinners it's hard for him to remember the first one. I looked it up, George. It was *The Last Supper*. His records go back a long way before this season. When he was in the service he kicked a 64-yard field goal, an outstanding feat which unfortunately never got into the record books. All the reporters were at Appomattox that day covering the surrender." Ah, the price of fame.

Everybody kept calling up and wanting to be my agent, make me rich. The agents and would-be agents kept the pressure on. I told them I was a football player, not an actor, and I'd leave the commercials to others. I did one, for Kellogg's Product 19, but only because I eat it all the time. I turned down another \$50,000 for various commercials. I would have felt like a phony advertising something I didn't use or believe in.

I did cut a record—a song written especially for me and called, "It's Never Too Late"—and when I began to get a swelled head about my beautiful voice my wife Betty calmed me right down. "Gee," I said one day, "I wonder why they wanted me to do that record?"

"It's simple, George," she said, "Bing Crosby was playing golf that day."

Well, that crazy football season is over now and another one is starting. I'll be out there playing my backside off, and so will the rest of the Oakland Raiders, and don't be surprised if you see us in the Super Bowl this year. Football is a great game, a wonderful game; there's

no game like it in the world. I'm tired of the critics who have been taking potshots at pro football lately. One of them wrote a whole book to prove that pro football is violent. Imagine! That's like writing a book to prove that Jell-O is soft. Sure, pro football is violent, that's one of the nicest things about it. And nobody forces you to take part in the violence, nobody forces you to sit up there in the stands and enjoy

it. The game must be answering some kind of national need or it wouldn't be so successful.

Sure there is violence, but there is a lot of thinking that goes into it, too, and human psychology, and getting along with 39 other guys: comradeship, affection, love, whatever you want to call it. It is a very deep thing and it can't be dismissed with all this baloney about violence. They say pro football is a dehumanizing game, and I say where else can you get a more humanizing game than to go through all those agonies and frustrations with 39 guys, 39 brothers; the togetherness, the peaks and the lows, the elations and the depressions? How about when a guy knocks you down in the heat of a game and there's maybe \$15,000 or \$20,000 involved, and he reaches over and helps you up. Is that dehumanizing? Is that pure violence?

I love football; I guess I've got that message across by now. I'd play for nothing (but I hope Al Davis doesn't ask me to). At 44 this year, I'll be the oldest active quarterback in pro football history. I figure I'm 95<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>, as good as I ever was. I still like to hit. I still like to block and tackle, and I don't even mind being knocked on my tail by somebody like Bubba Smith.

I haven't had a rosy career, but I've always enjoyed coming from behind. Last season was the payoff for the hard knocks. For years people asked me why I kept playing. Last season gave them their answer. The way I look at it, football is a privilege that some men get to enjoy longer than others. I may be the luckiest of all. I haven't the slightest intention of retiring, not next year, not 10 years from now. I've been running up and down football fields since I was five years old. Why stop now?

Maybe it will turn out that Sports-writer Wells Twoimbly was right when he wrote in *The Sporting News*: "Some afternoon, decades hence, when John Brodie's grandson throws his first pass for the Stanford varsity, they will come down to the Oakland Raiders' bench, reluctantly tap Blanda on his shoulder pads, and lead him off to Canton, Ohio, where pro football stores its memorabilia. That's where the man belongs. There's no avoiding the obvious any longer."

I thank him for the suggestion. In the life I've chosen for myself, there couldn't be a higher honor. **END**



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# For Billy Mills, the first few thousand miles were the hardest.

Billy Mills brought home a gold medal from the 1964 Olympics in Japan. He won the tough 10,000 meter run. But the really tough part was getting the money to get him and his teammates over to Tokyo.

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They don't cost any more.  
They just do a lot more.



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Pedaling his way into our hearts this week is tannery executive **Norain Lerin** of Santa Cruz, Calif., who donated \$10 toward the purchase of a bicycle to any employee who would cycle to work and leave his car at home. Out of 230 tanners, 100 now pedal furiously up and down the hills of Santa Cruz on their 10-speed French Merciers or English Dawes. "When the whistle blows," said Lerin, "it looks like the Tour de France."

**Score:** Opening bell of first round at Miami Beach and here come middleweights **Ed Brady** and **Mike Maret**. They square off. Brady misses with a whistling right hook and falls to the canvas with a dislocated shoulder. Maret bends down and hits the fallen Brady in the stomach. Judges award Maret a TKO. You know what we award him.

All sorts of problems in Miami these days. Consider **Dolores Caraballo**, one of the jockeys riding at the new Calder Race Course. The name Dolores won't do, says Dolores, appealing to Steward **Ed Pons** to change his name on the programs to something more masculine like, say, *Dave* Caraballo. "Not enough connection between Don and Dolores, and the bettors might become confused," says Pons. But he offers to list him as D. until someone can come up with a name that sounds like Dolores.

Well, there's always *Dolly*.

Word comes from Florida's **Representative Robert Sikes** of Washington that a bunch of his constituents along the Choctawhatchee River have just finished their second annual worm-fiddling contest. Worms are fiddled by driving stakes into the ground and rubbing the stakes with wood—the vibrations bring fat, swinging worms to the surface. **Ernest Sellers** and **Charley Pitzer** brought up 37 worms each, then got down to earth in a dramatic fiddleoff, with Sellers

turning 13 more crawlers to the surface. Representative Sikes did not enter the contest. Probably doesn't want to be accused of fiddling while the worm turns.

This little row is accompanied by the clash of symbols: **Woody Owl** of the U.S. Forest Service and **Johnny Horizon** used by the Department of the Interior. Old Woody is given to snappy sayings like "Give a Hoot, Don't Pollute," and Johnny represents "a concerned citizen"—or he would if Woody Owl would just go away. The two campaigns just don't mesh, and "Woody Owl is an overlapping element," growls Interior executive **George Guarr**. And while this high-level government squabble is going on, who is watching the store? **Smookey the Bear**, that's who.

Remember the storm in last week's **SCORECARD** about the Ohio crew that stole golf balls? Well, this week we take you to the Royal Colwood Golf and Country Club in Victoria, British Columbia—where **Thelma Cooper** has just stroked a chip shot onto the 6th green. Suddenly, a big crow swoops down, grabs the ball and flies away. No penalty, the judges decide, so Thelma goes on to win the hole. But she lost the match, which was the groan—Helen Crowe Championship.

Philipp Vice-President **Bill Giles** was only kidding when he advertised on his new \$3 million scoreboard that Veterans Stadium would be a great place for a honeymoon. FREE CHAMPAGNE, NAME IN LIGHTS said the ad. So who should turn up but newlyweds **Diane** and **Dick Swadley**. Giles rose to the occasion with lights, champagne and all, but is still puzzled. "We never once suspected that a couple would rather come to the ball park instead of, well, you know..." Yeah, we know.

Then there is Minnesota Twin **Pricher Bert Blyven** about to be wed. The ceremony is very



solemn. But the handiwork of Bert's pals becomes evident when the bride and groom kneel. There, printed on the soles of Bert's shoes, is "MARR."

◆ It isn't often you see **Joe Frazer** floored, but top-notch voice trainer **Carlo Menotti**—who usually works with opera stars at New York's Carnegie Hall—thinks this is a super position for strengthening the diaphragm. Joe is training to improve his voice for his role as lead singer with Joe and The Knockouts. The group has been considerably less than successful on tour, but soon they're going to try again, possibly in Caracas. Hit it, Joe!

The Live Show vs. Tape Award goes this week to tennis star **Cliff Richey**, doing a low burn recently in the Washington Star International Tennis Tournament. Wind, sun, bad calls, bad bounces and the steady

play of **Andres Gimeno** got Richey a bit uptight—but it was that loose tape over which he tripped at a crucial moment that made him come apart. That wasn't the only thing that came apart. Down slammed Richey's racket. Then he grabbed the offending tape and pulled. Rrrrrp! It took half an hour to put the court back together again so that Gimeno could go on and win Love's labour loss.

On behalf of ecumenical movements everywhere, we cite the plight of **C. E. Jackson Jr.**, who is trying to round up entries for the World Clergy Golf Championships to be held next October near Nashville. The 40 entries so far include Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Disciples of Christ and a sprinkling of Catholics. "Not ecumenical enough yet," says Jackson. "We're short of rabbis."

# Ron Hunt is some soft touch

**A**aaaugh! A slider to the sacroiliac. Oooph! A fastball to the fibula. Yeeoww! A knuckler to the kneecap. All those hard baseballs plunking into various parts of Expo Ron Hunt's anatomy surely do smart, but, by now, whenever Hunt steps up to bat, pitchers must be talking to themselves in the perverse manner of a father about to spank his son. "This is going to hurt me a lot more than it'll hurt you," they might be saying.

The Montreal second baseman is one of the toughest outs in baseball and not only because he averages a solid .280. Hunt, it seems, would just as soon get hit as get a hit. Last year he was hit by 26 pitches—a particularly frustrating figure to pitchers who were able to strike him out only 29 times. Last week when the Astros' Wade Blasingame plunked Hunt, it was the 29th time this season he has been struck by a pitched ball, a pace which should easily enable him to break the "modern" National League record of 31 which was set in 1910. Hunt already holds the league career record of 156 HBPs in his nine big-league seasons.

Although most pitchers claim he tries to get ticked, Hunt demies it, and the umpires who always award him first base apparently agree. "I crowed the plate and don't move," Hunt says. "If I don't move and the pitcher doesn't hit the corners, I might get hit. It stands to reason that I'm going to get hit a few times, but if I were to start bailing out, I'd be dead. I found out early that I hit better standing right on top of the plate, that's all there is to it. I don't say to myself, 'Ron, this pitcher doesn't throw too hard, so get hit.' I just hang in there and don't yield to him."

It is an attitude that amazes most batters, whose greatest fear is being bearded. Hunt's former Giant roommate, Willie McCovey, once told him, "If you're dumb enough to stand in there and take it, that's one record you're welcome to. You can have it. I'll take the rest."

"My wife always wants to know where the colors come from," says Hunt of

the multi-hued bruises he collects with each HBP. Opposing pitchers know, for throwing to—or at—the feisty Hunt has got to be as painful for them as: Crunch! A curve to the clavicle.

## THE WEEK

**NL EAST** "I didn't want anyone to know because I was afraid people would think I was using it as an excuse when I had a bad day," said Cincinnati's Ron Santo last Friday when he revealed that he has suffered from diabetes throughout his career. Santo, who takes an insulin shot each day and keeps candy bars in the dugout in case he feels threatened by a diabetic coma during a game, made his disclosure at the urging of the Diabetes Association of Greater Chicago. If the hope is to prove that diabetes can lead normal lives, Santo provides extraordinary proof. Since coming to the majors in 1960 he has batted .280 and averaged 25 homers and nearly 100 RBIs per season. While Pittsburgh (page 12) continued its runaway, New York was looking desperately for ways to stop its month-long slump. Returning from a 3-9 road trip, the Mets finally scored an easy victory, 9-3 over the Astros. One reason for it may have been that it was Nunez Day at Shea Stadium, but a more likely explanation was the return of Red Garrett, who had been in the Army. He whacked three hits, scored three runs and drove in two others in his homecoming. Philadelphia also enjoyed a rare laughter, but Manager Frank Lucchesi mused out on the fan. He was in bed with a 101° temperature when the Phils took the field for their 5-1 win over the Cards. Montreal, which had not played at home since July 4, had a dark return to Larry Park. A 28-minute power failure interrupted the series opener, and the Expos promptly dropped three to St. Louis with a power failure of their own.

PITT 22-38 CHI 23-42 ST. L. 34-47  
NY 21-46 PHIL 44-27 MONT 40-21

**NL WEST** After Giant Dick Dietz beat him with a 12th-inning home run, Atlanta's Reliever Bob Prody came up with a blast of his own, this

one directed at seven-year-old Atlanta Stadium. "The place stinks," Prody said. "The grass stinks, the bullpen stinks, the mound stinks, the fences stink. Pop flies go out of here; I got beat by a lousy fly ball. The stadium is falling apart. The outfield fence is falling down and there are pieces of metal jutting from it where a guy could cut his arm or hand. And the grass is something else. Big clumps of it everywhere." Prody received support from unexpected sources. The usually quiet Henry Aaron agreed: "It's the worst baseball field I've ever seen." And Dietz added, "I wish we had this park at home. There the ball I hit would probably have been a pop-up to the shortstop." SAN FRANCISCO hit enough pops to regain an eight-game lead over LOS ANGELES, which continued its pre-All-Star-Game slump by losing six of nine games on the road. With ace Larry Dierker out with a sore elbow, rookie Bill Greif took his spot in the 100-70 rotation. After his second start, in which he faced only four Mets and failed to retire any of them, Greif must have been ready to change his name to Greif since the loss dropped the Astros to fourth place. Don Gullett, Cincinnati's top starter at the age of 20, won his 11th game, 5-2 over the Giants. SAN DIEGO fans who had been calling for Manager Preston Gomez' dismissal may now have second thoughts. Since July 16, when Gomez left the team for surgery, the Padres have lost nine of 12 games under interim Manager Bob Skinner.

SP 52-41 LA 53-40 ATL 52-32  
HOUS 49-50 CIN 48-32 SD 30-27

**AL EAST** Fans who have bulging bellies from sitting in front of the TV set chomping on pistachio nuts and hero sandwiches can take solace from Detroit's Mickey Lolich. Lolich, who won his 15th game 5-2 over the Royals last week, claims a carefully uncontrolled diet of pastries has done it for him. "I started to get this potbelly around 1962," he says. "It really came on strong this season. I'm up to 212, the most I've ever weighed, and I'm having my best year. I got it eating pizzas and doughnuts." BALTIMORE's three 20-win aces of last season were not getting nearly as fast on the opposition. With Dave McNally on the injured list and both Mike Cuellar and Jim Palmer stunted by the Royals, the Orioles looked elsewhere for wins. Two came from Pat Dobson, who ran his victory string to 10 with a pair of seven-inning games. Another came from Dave Leonard, who was recently recalled from Rochester, New York and Washington continued to surge. The Yanks, winners in 13 of their last 17 games, took a rare come-from-behind victory with a five-run ninth inning against the Twins, while Frank Howard steered the Senators briefly out of the cel-



lar. His team won four in a row and Howard baited A33 with four doubles and two home runs. It was CLEVELAND that battled the Senators for the cellar, but the worst news for the Indians was that Catcher Ray Fosse's hand injury may be more serious than expected and Fosse may have to go on the disabled list. George Scott's eighth-inning double keyed a game-tying, three-run rally, and his ninth-inning single drove in the winning score against the Twins as scores closed to within 2½ games of the division lead.

BALT 66-38 ROST 57-40 DET 55-46  
NY 51-51 CLEV 41-39 WASH 40-50

**AL WEST** KANSAS CITY faced four All-Star pitchers, Tiger Múkey, Lolich, Orioles Mike Cuellar and Jim Palmer and Indian Sam McDowell and still won five of eight games. A big reason for those victories was the small-barreled but of intellectual First Baseman Carl Hopkins, Hopkins, who holds two college degrees and is working on his Ph.D. in bio-chemistry, raised his average from .250 to .323 during July using, not surprisingly, a scientific approach. "If you get a bat with a long barrel, say about 32 ounces and 35 inches long, you get soft wood," he claims. "The ball won't jump off it because the wood lacks density. I use one with a small barrel." OAKLAND'S Sal Bando broke a slump with five home runs in five games. The first of them, a two-run, game-tying shot in the ninth inning, saved Vida Blue from his fourth loss of the season. CALIFORNIA no longer has any dependable power, so the Angels have switched to a three-hit batting practice format designed to polish their bat control. "On the first pitch we try to execute the hit-and-run, on the second we try to push a grounder through the hole on the opposite side, and on the third we try to squeeze-bunt an imaginary runner home from third," explained Ken McMullen. MINNESOTA dropped to fifth place, twice blowing leads in the ninth inning. The Twins' once tough bullpen could obviously use a gritty new star like MILWAUKEE's Ken Sanders. Sanders, who saved Skip Lockwood's 2-0 win over the Senators by putting down nine of the 10 men he faced, moved into a tie with Tiger Fred Scherman for the Fireman of the Year Award. For the past month Chicago's Walber Wood has been getting less rest and more wins. Since he began pitching every other turn with only a two-day break, the easy-throwing knuckleballer has improved his record to 11-7, including a 5-1 win over the Senators.

OKR 63-35 KC 52-40 CAL 49-54  
CHI 45-54 MINN 44-54 MIL 42-57

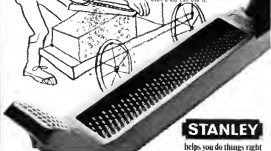
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## Superfingers vs. the Chauvinists

Dotty's got all she needs to beat the men, except their permission

At first glance it seems to be a joke. The bowling ball rolls down the left side of the lane, hanging over the lip of the last board like a Mack Sennett j-alopy about to fall off a cliff, a sure gutter job. But then, as if bewitched, the ball hooks sharply to the right, locks in on the 1-2 pocket and down go the pins. Crash! A minute later Dotty Fothergill does it again—and sometimes again and again. And along with knocking down pins, she has been known to knock down a few male reputations. Only 5' 1" tall, Dotty Fothergill has become one of the most powerful forces in competitive bowling.

This may not be the Dotty Fothergill you recognize if you hang around the beaches of New England, where she is a sort of superdriver of the dune-buggy

set. Or if you were part of the sandlot football bunch a few years ago in North Attleboro, Mass., where Dotty used to tie on the shoulder pads and scrimmage just like one of the guys. But it's the same young lady—she is just expanding her horizons.

Dotty can be totally feminine, a blue-eyed, brown-haired 25-year-old in high heels and mod dresses. But high heels don't work very well where she now spends most of her time. Four years ago she became a professional bowler, and twice since then she has been Woman Bowler of the Year. She is now singlehandedly storming that male bastion known as the Professional Bowlers Association, going at it the same way she goes at everything—headfirst.

Dotty admits that her purpose in seeking membership in the all-male PBA is to make off with some of its prize money. "They have about 40 events on their tour each year," she says. "The women had just eight last year. We went from last Thanksgiving until last May without a tournament. That's no way to make money. And most small events during the off season exclude the top women bowlers because we scare off the men."

In March 1970 Dotty applied for membership in the PBA. In September she got a letter saying her application had been rejected "for the time being."

"What's that supposed to mean?" she asked, and proceeded to sue the PBA for discrimination, demanding \$2.5 million in damages.

The PBA reaction was uncharacteristically quick. In November, while on a bowling tour in Japan, Dotty got a phone call from her mother back in North Attleboro. The PBA was countering for \$3 million, her mother said, claiming Dotty had caused it undue hardship and embarrassment.

Last January she went to PBA headquarters in Akron to give a deposition. "I thought it would be just a few questions," she recalls, "but they kept at me for eight hours." Since then the legal action has cooled down considerably, and chances are good for a settlement.

Dotty insists that her case is not an adjunct of Women's Lib, but she does charge that the only reason the PBA turned her down is because she's a woman. "They claim it isn't so, but at a tournament last year I got one of the six guest invitations," she says. "All the other guests were men. They were all ap-

proved, but I wasn't." Dotty has not made herself entirely popular with the other lady pro bowlers by suing the PBA. Some male bowlers have decided that if she is allowed into the PBA they will begin entering some women's events, and Dotty's female cohorts are understandably apprehensive at this prospect.

On the other hand, Dotty would probably cash in on the PBA circuit, even if she never won a single event, for she has already defeated some of the finest male bowlers *mano-a-mano*. In December 1968, she won two of three games against the 1964 Bowler of the Year, Billy Hardwick, winning the series 631 pins to 555. Three months later she took on Jim Stefaniak, winner of a record \$67,375 in 1968 and the male bowler of that year. She swept him in three straight.

The rest of 1970 she was bothered by a foot tumor that ultimately required surgery, by new and unsatisfactory equipment, by the departure of her longtime coach and by the snubs of fellow women bowlers. And she lost her lucky chestnut, a talisman she had carried in her bowling bag for years. Still, Dotty struggled through the season with a 207 average, won the Woman's International Bowling Congress singles with a three-game 695 and was on the WIBC championship team. But it was the first year she didn't win a tournament on the tour. It was also the first season since she turned pro that she wasn't Woman Bowler of the Year.

"If you've known nothing but being on top, it hurts not to be there," she says. "People watch me bowl and think I'm a natural. They don't know how hard I've worked on my game."

Dotty began bowling during her senior year in high school, and it soon became an obsession. When her boy friend protested, she just plunged deeper into the game, perfecting her hook during long sessions at nearby alleys, getting home at two or three in the morning. Just the thing to reassure a suitor.

Charley Parker, the pro at her favorite alley, first noticed Dotty when she ordered a bunch of equipment from him, then told him she only had \$5 to put down and would pay the rest on time. Charmed by Dotty's financial brass, and even more so by her bowling style, he went along. He also began coaching her, helping her to groove her hook and teaching her how to read lanes. After graduation she took a job as a short-



DOTTY FOTHERGILL: TALENT TO SPARE

order cook at a local bowling alley and spent every spare moment practicing.

For the next few years she haunted alleys around North Attleboro, competing against the best male competition she could find. The hottest ace, she discovered, was in the late-night games that take place after the league bowlers clear out. That's when the local hotshots come out with their sharp hooks and fat wickets for challenge rounds. These midnight cowboys proved ripe picking for Doty, whose ducktail hook and deceptive strength kept her an pin money.

Some girls rush home from school dances or class parties, bursting to tell their mothers about their social successes. Doty Fothergill used to rush home from bowling alleys and fill her mother in on her latest bowling conquests. "Then I'd show her all the money I'd won that night and throw it up in the air and let it float down."

Hoping to increase the showers, Doty turned pro in 1967. Her expenses were paid that first year by a local furniture

dealer, but since then she has been paying her own way. Her first big victory came in the tour's main event, the All-Star, the first time in history that a rookie won it. She was also the first left-hander to win.

During her first three years on the tour, she won six tour titles and five other major events, for about \$40,000 in prize money, and bought a used Cadillac and a new home for her parents. Then she sold the home and bought a motel, where they all live now. Her bonanza allowed her to indulge another passion—the telephone. She spends inordinate amounts of time on long distance; during a trip to Japan her phone charge for one day was \$85.

She developed a reputation for self-assurance and an ingenious interview style. Excited about having come from behind with seven consecutive strikes in the final game of the 1968 Denver Open, she blurted out, "The fans were great, the press was great—I was great." But others are lavish in their praise, too,

and one of her ardent admirers is Andy Varapapa. "She throws the most powerful ball I ever see a girl roll," says the old expert. "She's one of the most refreshing things to happen to this sport."

At the heart of Doty's skill is an astonishing finger action—you can hear the fingers snap as she releases the ball. Jim Stefanch calls her Superfingers. To maintain her edge during the off season Doty rolls 10 or 20 games a day, keeping two lanes going at once, concentrating almost exclusively on trying to roll strikes.

Sometimes Doty drives her car and her dune buggy the way she bowls—seemingly determined to knock down everything in her way. She rarely gets so much as a scraped fender, but her near-misses are legend. She was in a head-on crash a year ago (as a passenger, it happens) that left her practically unscratched despite the fact that she went through the windshield. Probably has something to do with the way she went through the windshield: headfirst. **END**



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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

## Checkmate at a little no-trump slam

Chess and bridge are so demanding that no one could possibly find time for the intensive study required for grand-master status in both games. For example, Bobby Fischer (*page 18*) never plays bridge, and I am considerably less than expert in front of a chessboard.

In the argument over which game is the greater test of intellect, the chess man points out that his game involves no element of luck. Both contestants start with equal forces and must maneuver those forces within the finite area of 64 squares. Given proper programming, it is possible that a computer could become the world's best chess player. Postgame analysis usually reveals where the chess loser made the wrong moves, and the computer could be taught to avoid such errors. The player with the best moves cannot fail in chess; in bridge, however, the odds may fly in the luck of the deal. The greatest similarity between the

two games is the need for the player to measure forces and to look further ahead than his opponents do.

All of which may be a wandering preamble to this deal as a test of your power to look into the future, your power to assay the actions of your opponents and to overcome the danger that instinct tells you may exist.

When your partner makes a two-club response to your no trump, asking you to show a four-card major, usually you should ignore an opposing overcall and bid a major suit if you can. But when you have both majors and the overcall is in one of them, it is advisable to double; there is no better way to expose a possible psychic overcall in a fake suit. If your double does not suit partner's plan, he can overrule—as, in this case, he does.

North might cue-bid hearts as a takeout of your double, but I agree that his hand is best described by the jump to four clubs. Now South shows his four-card spade suit as previously requested, and North jumps to six spades, spending East on the horns of a dilemma. If he passes and partner leads a heart, there would seem little chance of defeating six spades. But when East makes a Lightner slam double, asking for an unusual lead—most often the first suit bid by dummy—he warns South that a club opening is likely to be trumped and opens the way to a successful retreat to six no trump. But it will be successful only if South is ready to execute a double squeeze which is, when you think about it, more or less marked by the bidding.

East wins the heart ace and shifts to a low diamond. If the clubs split, you have 12 tricks on top, so you must plan to win against a possibility—almost a certainty by the bidding—that West has five clubs. You know East has the queen of hearts, so you can time your play to win the 12th trick in your weakest suit, diamonds!

Win the second trick in your hand with the ace of diamonds. Test the clubs and find that they are not breaking, as you had expected. So cash the four good clubs and three spades, ending in your hand. This is now your position:

| NORTH | EAST   | SOUTH | WEST   |
|-------|--------|-------|--------|
| ♠ 7   | ♠ —    | ♠ Q   | ♠ —    |
| ♥ —   | ♥ 10   | ♥ K J | ♥ 2    |
| ♦ K 9 | ♦ 10 8 | ♦ 7   | ♦ 12 J |
| ♣ 3   | ♣ —    | ♣ —   | ♣ 10   |

On the last spade lead, East must let go a diamond or give you two heart tricks. Check! West can let go the 2 of hearts, but now you cash the king of hearts. If West throws a diamond, dummy pitches the club. If he throws the club, dummy lets go a diamond. Mate! **END**

*Neither side vulnerable  
South dealer*

| WEST                         | NORTH                        | EAST                         | SOUTH                        |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| ♠ 7 6 5 4 3 2                | ♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 | ♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 | ♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 |
| ♥ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 | ♥ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 | ♥ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 | ♥ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 |
| ♦ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 | ♦ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 | ♦ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 | ♦ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 |
| ♣ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 | ♣ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 | ♣ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 | ♣ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 |
| SOUTH                        | WEST                         | NORTH                        | EAST                         |
| 1 N.T.                       | PASS                         | 3♣                           | 3♥                           |
| DOUBLE                       | PASS                         | 4♣                           | PASS                         |
| 4♠                           | PASS                         | 6♠                           | DOUBLE                       |
| 6 N.T.                       | PASS                         | PASS                         | PASS                         |

*Opening lead, 7 of hearts*

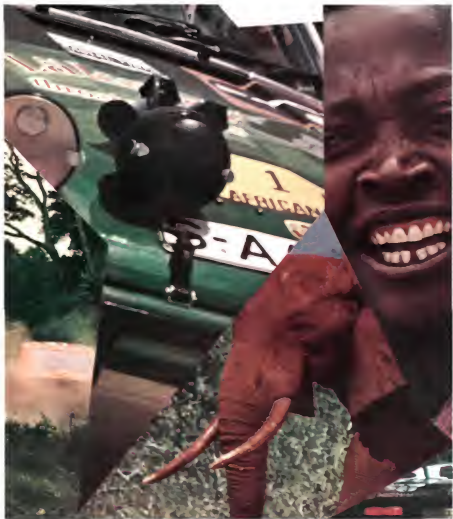
"My perfect gin and tonic?  
Mix it the way you always do,  
but use ice cubes made of tonic water.  
And the perfect martini gin,  
Seagram's Extra Dry."



Seagram Distillers Company, New York City 96 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin Distilled from American Grass.

*In the world's 'meanest and most beautiful' auto rally, the East African Safari, dare-death drivers bring the sorcery of motors to a culture that predates the wheel*

# White Magic in a



# Noble Black Land

CONTINUED

by Robert F. Jones



*There was no fat on it and no luxuriance anywhere; it was Africa distilled up through 6,000 feet. . . . The views were immensely wide. Everything that you saw made for greatness and freedom and unequalled nobility. . . . you woke up in the morning and thought: Here I am, where I ought to be.*

—Isak Dinesen, "Out of Africa"

The man in the death seat was not unfamiliar with speed. Over the years he had grown accustomed to that relinquishment of fate that constitutes a ride with a fast driver. Helpless, he surrendered any hope of a future to the hands of the man at the wheel. He sat with his own hands curled in his lap, wondering if they would sweat this time or keep their cool. He learned to concentrate on the scenery and gradually found his fear transmuting itself into exhilaration. Speed was no longer a threat; speed was fun. Thus does the lowercase coward become the uppercase Passenger.

Now the Passenger was in Africa strapped into the co-driver's seat of a Datsun 240Z sports coupe, not a fast car by racing standards, maybe 130 miles an hour flat out, getting ready for his first taste of rally riding. The red-and-black automobile was parked outside a scabby, stuccoed garage in the outskirts of Nairobi, where the Datsun team had its headquarters for the 19th Annual East African Safari rally. It was Africa distilled up through 6,000 feet—hot both inside the car and out. Wreaths of gray fungus floated in the ditches flanking the parking lot, a rich reminder of Kenya's status as an underdeveloped nation. Fortunately the interior of the Datsun smelled of new cars and new tires—a stack of snow radials and boxes of spare parts were tied down on the rear deck, enough to apply first and anywhere along the rally route. Hans Schuller, 39, a plump, blond, heavy-shouldered German who had won the Safari the year before as co-driver with Kenya's Edgar Herrmann, climbed in and flashed a sadistic grin. When he was not rallying, Schuller served as an insurance company executive. "Let's find us some rally roads," he said.

The Datsun whipped gracefully through Nairobi's heavy afternoon traffic, with Schuller's Safari horn—dah-dee-dah-dow-dah-dee-dee—clearing the way as effectively as a police siren. Buses and trucks and weaving sedans

flew backward as the Datsun surged down the Tarmac toward Mombasa. Everything that you saw made for greatness and freedom and unequalled mobility. Or is it nobility? thought the Passenger. He felt a bit giddy from the combination of engine and solar heat. "You don't need a sauna after this!" bellowed Schuller, sweating merrily. Then he pulled off to the left, leaving the paved highway for a wasted, two-rusted track that wound back into the chocolate-colored hills embracing the town of Machakos. "Zee are our rally roads," chortled Hans, his accent suddenly strengthening as he approached his personal Valhalla. He stopped for a moment, as if to underscore the transition. ¶

Then, windows up against the dust, its unmuffled engine suddenly embedded in the Passenger's skull, its steel-girder suspension transmitting every crease in the road directly up the spine, its tires spewing a twin rooster tail of tan silken dust, the Datsun 240Z did its number up the dirt road. For the first time in years the Passenger shook hands with panic. "Here I am," he thought, "where I ought not to be."

Impressions born of anxiety blossomed in the Passenger's forebrain. A road no wider than a fat man, humped and pined more mercilessly than the world's worst cripple. A sudden rotting bridge. A washboard straightaway where the speedometer needle leaped to 130 mph. A linked

chain of slides through hairpin corners with Schuller locking the wheel full left, then right, then left again. Another straight. Then cattle on the road ahead, growing almost instantly from black worm-like blobs into full-sized cows replete with stupid eyes, and then—fortunately—scuttling out of the way. A green bus wobbling up toward the car, an instant in which its windows blaze with black faces and white-toothed grins, then the bus whisks out of sight; past. Dust filtering up through the floorboards and crunching in gritted teeth. A wrenching right-hand slew through a village—where did it come from?—with black schoolchildren in sky-blue uniforms pouring out to watch the Safari car blast past; beautiful, astounded faces. Then, miracle of miracles, Schuller misses a gear change and decides to stop. "I make a boo-boo," he says.

A cool, desiccating breeze blows across the ridge where the Datsun is parked. Heat waves rising from the hood distort the air. To the north, beyond the pallid, high-rise profile of Nairobi, Mount Kenya stands blue and white, its

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY THEILD



Kenya President Jomo Kenyatta starts the rally races away from Nairobi with a flick of his famous fly whisk.



## White Magic continued

head in the equatorial clouds. "Beautiful country, *elefu*!" says Schuller.

Truly it is. The combination of altitude—Nairobi stands 5,500 feet above sea level—and equatorial sunlight produce a jolting intensity of color. The people are equally beautiful. As Schuller talks, a dozen Africans emerge from the *bushu*—Swahili for the uncultivated, spidery, biting thornbush that covers their land. Most of them are women. During the heat of the day East African men stay in the shade, talking and swatting flies, while their womenfolk haul Herculean loads of firewood, bananas, roofing beams, bathtubs, 10-gallon jerricans of water, children, etc. up and down the steep countryside. The men may act a bit surly from time to time, as is a man's wont anywhere, but the women are inevitably smiling. One of these women is quite comely in a red bandana and the Kenyan equivalent of a miniskirt. "You want go Nairobi?" Hans asks. Hans intensifies his German accent. "You come Nairobi wiss me I tch you English." The girl lowers her eyes and coyly swings her *panga*—the curved, short-bladed bush knife all wayfaring East Africans carry. "Hey!" yells Hans happily, "what you do dat *panga*?" She: "Me chop dat *panga*." Giggling, she decapitates a thornbush at her feet. She smiles like a black madonna. Schuller climbs back into the now-cooled Datsun and, as it bellows off back toward Nairobi, the girl yells "Bye-bye!"

No experience as vast and anomalous as the East African Safari can be distilled into a single impression. After all, in this year's Safari 107 cars manned by 214 drivers set out to cover 3,800 miles of the world's meanest, nastiest, loveliest continent—all in a mere four days. Along the way they traveled only 500 miles of paved roads. The rest was dust, mud, potholes, washouts, flashfloods, cliffs and washboard. There were moving hazards as well: reluctant herds of goats and cattle, aggressive big-game animals from the Pliocene, giant double-jerries that can be as obstinate as a rhino and twice as destructive, panicky pedestrians, the ubiquitous "whummy wagons"—ancient buses belching black stink and weaving like a Bowery lush. Mainly there was the African earth: timeless, gaudy, redolent of death and the Stone Age, violated during these four Eastertide days by 20th-century speed. No way to pull the whole of it together into one convenient, tell-it-all metaphor. Yet the ride with Hans Schuller contained the essence of the Safari. The rest of it would have to come out in fragments.

That night the Passenger went over to the Norfolk Hotel in Nairobi to talk with Gunnar Palm, the Scandinavian rally navigator. Palm is 34, a lean, dark-haired, boyish Swede who co-drove the winning Ford Escort Twin Cam that won last year's World Cup Rally. He was working on his navigational notebooks in the airy cottage he shared with Hannu Mäkkö, his Finnish driving partner. The caged birds in the Norfolk's courtyard squawked as Palm looked up. "I write about 15 of these notebooks for this rally," he said. "I've already been around the course twice, and I reckon I'll cover 15,000 kilometers before we're ready to run. I don't note every single kilometer, of

course, just a rough shorthand coverage of the tricky corners, the potential washouts and mudholes, the places where we ought to look out for buses or cattle or people crossing the road. Or game. Sometimes at night you run the risk of hitting a zebra or a warthog or even a rhino. Elephants usually get out of the way, though a couple of years back when Herrmann and Schuller broke down, a big old bull gave them a push. Giraffes aren't too dangerous if you drive between their legs. But if they fall on you, they'll crush the car for certain."

It was cool and dark blue on the Norfolk's veranda. Nightjars and crockery clinked in the same key. "I've run in the Safari since 1963," said Palm. "Then the average speed was 70 kilometers an hour. What's that—42 mph? Now it's up to 63. It's a flat-out road race, no matter what the organizers say. We'll have to hit 120 or 130 over the good stretches to maintain these averages. Of course, the roads have improved immensely. Much less mud now than in years past. The mudholes detract from the sport—it's simply a matter of luck, finding someone to push or pull you out when you stick."

The talk swung to rallying in general. A few rally drivers—notably England's Vic Elford, Gerard Larrousse of France and the Finn, Leo Kinnunen—had made a successful conversion to sports-car racing. By contrast, of the drivers who grew up in road racing, only the late Jim Clark had achieved quick success in rallying. How come? "In rallying you have to face many new problems instantaneously," said Palm. "It's not like going around the same course over and over again, getting the problems of cornering and shifting and braking taped into your unconscious. On any given rally route, conditions change constantly. You cannot hold back—you must thrust yourself into the situation and trust your reflexes. It's what the hippies would call 'New' driving."

Eyes, a driver's most important tools, are thus doubly important to the rallyist, who must read the road quickly as it unrolls before him. "You have to see the pothole over the hill, the washout around the bend," said Palm. "It's a subliminal thing—you learn a lot you could never explain in words about the effect of rain on gravel, say, as opposed to mud. Your eyes get so sharp that you can see trouble before it appears. During the Monte Carlo Rally, when I was navigating for Erik Carlsson, he and I got so acute that we could spot friends in the crowd at 120 mph and have time enough to wave at them—sometimes obscenely."

It was quite dark by now, and a few stings of sheet lightning illuminated the scene. "I don't know," said Palm finally. "Should rally results run on the sports pages or the entertainment pages? Or maybe on the commercial pages—after all, the whole point is to sell cars. For us, though, it's a test. I lose about 15 pounds during a Safari, even though I can drink 10 liters of lemon squash during a rest stop. Physically it's tough. Socially, too. You need a lot of democracy in a car—as co-driver you must be able to tell the driver when he needs a rest, when he is making mistakes. That can be difficult. Sometimes the Africans throw stones at you—in '67 or '68 we took a boulder

continued

der through the windscreen. That same year they built a stone wall across the road and Pat Moss—Starling's sister—pranged it. Finished the car, all right. The Africans aren't malicious exactly. They throw rocks because it's a challenge to hit such a fast-moving target. I hope they will throw fewer stones this year, since there are three All-African teams driving. I also hope it stays dry. Then we might have our first victory here by a European driver, which is long overdue. How do the Americans say it? For the European driver, there is no joy in Mudville." The laughter was erased by a peal of thunder.

One would expect that in a country as vast and powerful as East Africa, the arrival of the rains would be Biblical in scope. Great crashing walls of water cascading across the land; lightning on the megaton level; thunder fit to shatter whole cities. Not so. The "long rains" of April and early May are sporadic—usually localized and brief, though heavy enough to swamp out a road where they fall. It is precisely this random pattern of rainfall that makes the Safari such a challenge. A driver might be tooling along comfortably on dry murrum (British colonial for a dirt road), then, in the flick of a windshield wiper, find himself "cutting doughnuts" on a wet spot where the rain has turned the red-clay surface into the equivalent of a freshly buttered frying pan. After half a dozen cars have passed through the wet spot it becomes a bottomless quagmire. With the advent of factory team competition in the Safari two years ago wet spots became less of a threat: at places like Morogoro and Mbale in Tanzania or the 90-mile stretch of hairpins between Meru and Embu on the eastern slopes of Mount Kenya, a factory outfit might spot 10 or 15 Land Rovers to drag its cars through. In the old days a driving team had to extricate itself. That usually meant hiring local help, which gave the East African drivers a great advantage since they could speak Swahili and carried about them some remnant of the waning white man's mantle and mystique. In 1964 Gunnar Palm and Erik Carlsson found themselves bogged down with no local help. Using a little Scandinavian ingenuity, they simply turned their Saab onto its roof and skidded it out like a turned turtle. When rally officials indicated a bit of polite skepticism at the tale, Palm and Carlsson flipped the Saab right in front of Nairobi's city hall and gave a demonstration. In any event, "wet" Safaris have always been tougher than dry ones. In the two wettest runs in the Safari's 19-year history, only seven of the starters finished—mainly because of mud.

But this year looked like a dry Safari. East Africa was undergoing its worst drought since the Saab turtle—famine gripped the Northern Frontier and, with it, cholera was spreading from Wajir near the Ethiopian border down toward Garissa and the population centers around Mount Kenya. All of East Africa was praying for rain; only the European drivers hoped the drought would continue for another few days. It did not.

As the Passenger returned to the New Stanley Hotel after his talk with Palm, the first heavy downpour hit Nairobi. It was a warm, sweet rain, a touch of new life. The legless beg-

gars outside the hotel lay back against their walls, faces to the sky, soaking it up and smiling. Back in the Long Bar of the New Stanley, where he was sipping a beer with friends, Edgar Herrmann also smiled at the rain. Herrmann is a lean, hard-eyed operator (a resort hotel on the coast at Malindi; a car dealership in Nairobi) who won the Safari last year for Datsun and was favored to do it again this year; a confident, competent man usually trailed by good-looking women. He tugged at a black sideburn and listened to the rain. "My kind of weather," said Edgar.

The Safari traditionally starts from Nairobi's city hall, a comfortably weatherworn brick edifice in the center of that clean, busy capital city. A decade earlier the city hall had been the tallest building in view; now it was dwarfed by other, uglier structures, diminished in a sense, just as East Africa seemed diminished by its graceless scramble to Westernize. Indeed, waking on the morning of the Safari's start, the Passenger had thought for one wild moment that he was in St. Louis: the cold clear light, the hard shadows thrown by sterile high-rise buildings, the yammer of traffic in the streets below his window. Fortunately, it was still Africa; out beyond the high rise, Mount Kenya was pulling the morning cloud cap over its cars.

Despite the esthetic absurdity of the Nairobi Hilton rearing its blunt tower over the scene, there was plenty of Africa to look at around city hall. *Wanawake*, the people, had descended on the town in droves. "More people watch the start of the Safari than came to Nairobi for *umuru*," said one white Kenyan. A brilliant wall of living color pressed up against the wire in front of the starting ramp—a Jackson Pollock sprawl of black-velvet faces and Dry-Glo-brilliant cloth. The *wanawake* were disturbingly intense—not like a cool, flippant sports-car crowd or a down-to-earth Indy crowd. This was the Neolithic looking at the Automobile Age and loving it. The Kenya police, leaner and tougher in their starched khakis than the L.A.P.D. in its hard hats and shades, knew the score. From time to time the Kenya cops would lash out at the crowd with their rhinohide whips, splitting faces and ripping ears with the sole intention of keeping the wire fence intact. The *wanawake* took the beatings merrily. Even the bloody ones kept right on staring and chuckling.

This was the essential anomaly of the Safari, the Passenger suddenly realized. Here were these cars—the finest pieces of road-eating machinery created by Western civilization, intricate, carefully tuned, laden with the fruit of a million technological insights, brought into being by a web of history and engineering that the vastest computer could never reproduce. And there were the fans. The fans were among the last of the world's full-time pedestrians. They could not differentiate between 20 and 200 mph. Both speeds were *pesi pesi*—Swahili for fast. The Passenger knew what made one car better than another, and so he could nod his head in approval of the tidy, tight Datsun 240Zs. To the African fan, all cars possessed *duwa*—magic—and all cars were fantastic. Perhaps the Passenger, too, would have put up with slashes from the cops if he had felt that way.

What the fans did not know was that there were only a few possibilities of victory among the 107 entries. A study of the form sheet made it all clear. Fully 34 of the entries were Datsuns—a fact that reflected on the Nissan Shimbun's win last year and its high finishes in the past three rallies. Three of the Datsun entries were factory cars, which meant they were supported by the best of Japan's industrial wizardry: tow cars and helicopters to ferry in spare engine parts or even full suspensions and transmissions and hordes of dour, dedicated, diminutive mechanics who could work 16 hours straight on a bite of fish and two Coca-Colas to the orders of a topnotch team manager known as "Mistah Namba" or, among the irreverent, "Solly, Long Namba." There were 16 Peugeot entries; slow machines, but one could not count Peugeot out because that marque had enjoyed immense success over the Safari roads during the mid-to-late '60s, and Tanzania's Bert Shackland, a double winner, was driving one of the three factory 504s. Then there was Ford—English Ford, mind you—with 15 machines. Five of the cars were spanking new factory Escort Twin-Cams prepared by that tough little Britisher, Bill Barnett, who had introduced Jim Clark to rallying with such success. Last year Ford let its fortunes rest in the hands of the local agency, a Nairobi firm (Hughes Ltd.), managed by Leo Leonard. His cars failed to finish for the first time in Ford's Safari involvement. Leonard is a sensible, realistic East African businessman, and he said, "The Safari counts for precisely sweet Fanny Adams as far as local sales go. Ford realizes that what sells cars internationally—internationally, now—is a combination of name drivers and victory. What

sells cars locally, for my agency, is quite something else." So Bill Barnett was here, and he had as his drivers such internationally famous rally figures as Timo Makinen, Hannu Mikkola and Robin Hillyar, along with two of the most exciting names in East African driving—Joginder Singh, the 1965 Safari winner, and Vic Preston Jr., son of a double winner.

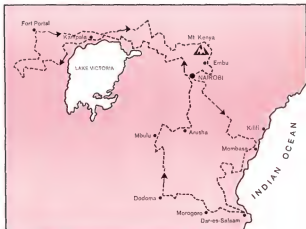
Finally there was Porsche to contend with. The Stuttgart-based firm had sent down a three-car factory team of 911Ss, the rugged little bugs that dominate low-displacement European and American road racing. Driving for Porsche were Bjorn Waldegaard, Ake Andersson and Poland's Sobieslaw Zasada, the best of the breed. Zasada commanded instant re-

spect. He had nearly won the Safari in 1970, failing only because of a damaged oil sump on the final leg. He had a hard face, an impenetrable cool. The Porsche was quickest of all the entries on good roads, but had a reputation for frailty in the Safari.

Beyond the factory teams, there were enough outsiders to make it a race. Five Lancias with good local drivers, seven slow but reliable Volvos, a brace of Saabs whose front-wheel drive would be valuable in the mud and a single, innovative Range Rover—a 100 mph variant on the Land Rover. If the Safari turned out to be glue and grease from the very start, the Range Rover just might stand a chance.

So much for the form chart. Now for the start. Out of city hall strode Jomo Kenyatta to do the honors. He is a wise old revolutionary who knew how to govern after the revolution. He was wearing a wise old revolutionary's uniform: charcoal-blue pinstripe suit, red boutonniere, a tasteful cravat. In his hand was his fly whisk, that symbol of authority created by Kenyatta instantly and effectively, like Castro and the fatigue cap. Kenyatta was conservative in his own choice of headgear: a pale, posh, ultracolonial Panama straw. As he appeared the *wananchi* surged forward against the wire, and the whips snapped viciously again. No one seemed to mind.

After a few words with the Safari officials and the top-seeded drivers, Kenyatta raised his fly whisk for the start. The city hall clock read high noon when the whisk fell and the first car, a Kelly-green Porsche, sloped down the ramp with an unmuffled roar and scuttled around the corner. A wild hoo-raw went up from the crowd, as it would for every two minutes for the next 3½ hours while the field





got thunderously into motion.

The route of the Safari snaked in a ragged figure eight, the first leg running southeast from Nairobi to the Indian Ocean coast, passing through the Tsavo

game reserve and the muddy Taita Hills en route to Mombasa and the Tanzanian capital of Dar es Salaam. Then the way swung westward through the back country of Tanzania, over the notorious Usambara Range—more mud and high escarpments—to Dodoma, then north again through the game country inland of Mount Kilimanjaro to Arusha. Then from Arusha back to Nairobi. There the drivers would take an eight-hour rest stop—their only full night's sleep during the four days and nights of driving.

The northerly loop of the figure eight would take the Safari up the Great Rift Valley, the giant natural ditch that splits East Africa like a titanic plow furrow, and westward past Lake Victoria into Uganda. After a brief rest stop in the capital of Kampala the drivers would push on westward into the Ruwenzori, the legendary Mountains of the Moon, loop eastward through Fort Portal on the Congolese border and then sweep back into Kenya to return to Nairobi on the slick, snaking roads that flank Mount Kenya on the east.

Each circle of the figure eight was nearly 2,000 miles long, and only a fraction of the total distance was paved. The rest of the route was demonically chosen on the basis of the most mud and the worst punishment the roads could dish out to suspensions, brakes, tires, steering and oil pumps. Not to mention drivers.

Since the Passenger was forbidden by Safari rules from riding as a real passenger in one of the rally cars, he planned to hopscotch ahead of the leaders by lightplane, Mercedes-Benz and Land Rover. He wanted to see the cars through the widest possible variety of terrain, and since the area to be covered was roughly two-thirds the size of the United States,

he would have to hop fast.

From the starting ramps, a Land Rover lugged him out to Wilson Airport—

East Africa's busiest strip, since it is home base for most of Kenya's bush planes—and on the way he stopped along the Uhuru Highway to watch some Safari cars pass. The highway was lined with spectators—gray-bearded Sikhs; ruddy-cheeked Europeans in khaki shorts; the occasional lone Masai leaning on his walking staff, cow dung in his hair and contempt on his ochred face. The cars whipped by in a hurry, some with as many as seven headlights blazing even though it was midday, and their Safari horns ululating like hyenas.

At the airport Captain Ben Pont was waiting in his brown-and-white Cessna 210. The captain, known as Pontius Pilot to friends and enemies alike, is an expatriate Dutchman who survived Starfighter jets in The Netherlands Air Force and five years of East African crop-dusting. He may be the best pilot in Africa; he certainly is the most daring. One of his riders on this trip took to calling him "The Green Baron—that's the color he leaves you." A vroom or two, lift-off, a wrenching turn, a few low-level runs on zebras in the Nairobi game park and Pontius was off in pursuit of the Safari.

He caught the lead cars in the dry hills behind Machakos, the same stretch of road to which the Passenger had been introduced by Hans Schuller. The road looked less believable from the air than from the ground: switchbacks, washouts, herds of cattle snoozing in the middle of the track, each car going flat out and trailing a half-mile plume of dust. Passing seemed impossible in the tan twilight created by the dust, yet a Datsun was doing just that to a Peugeot as Pont flew past. A wattle of wings and The Green Baron set his course for Ndii, in the Tsavo. "That's Shekhar Mehta in the Datsun," said Ben as he regained altitude. "The Uganda sugar king—sort of an East African Rockefeller—but he's only 25. Friend of mine. I bet him to win."

It was raining at Ndii, where the cars were taking service stops, then peeling off the tarmac into the mud of the Taita Hills. Just walking the shoulder of the road was treacherous—the red clay had gone berserk underfoot. The Passenger slid his way over to the Datsun service area where the Hermann-Schuller car was taking on mud tires. A barrel-bellied German in a forage cap and brief trunks was cursing out the Japanese mechanics in bastard Axis. Rain sluiced through the hair on his fat back; he was red with gluey mud from the knees down. Hans Schuller stopped to chat. So far it was anyone's rally—Datsun, Ford and Porsche dominated the top 20. Dreadful weather, said Hans.

While Pontius Pilot winged ahead on a photo-rec-

mission, the Passenger proceeded by car down to the coast, cutting ahead of the Safari at one point by staying on the main road while the rallyists negotiated the Taita Hills. The Tsavo was grotesque and unsettling. The hulks of abandoned cars lay like bits of New Jersey along the highway. Back of the road the red elephants of Tsavo stood under the baobab trees, scratching themselves and looking surly. Where it had rained the elephants were gray; their red color comes from the clay. The squat bulbous baobabs looked like transmogrified people, like the Eats, those talking, walking trees in Tolkien. The thought came that they might be the damned souls of European elephant hunters, cursed to live out eternity as scratching posts for their erstwhile victims. It was a pleasant conceit.

Suddenly, below the Tsavo, where the Safari cars rejoined the tarmac for a brief stretch, it was a whole new Africa. The coastal culture began abruptly where the elephants ended. Small mosques, topest *hifus* in gaudy, tie-dyed wraparounds and the ubiquitous Arab sheepkeeper. An old Arab in a caftan, his face gray as his pagama-cloth robe, sat cynically behind the beaded curtain of his store, staring space into his mud-thick coffee. It was muggy and hot; this is the Fever Coast that killed the English like DDT-sprayed flies less than a century ago. Palms and pecans began to crowd out the baobabs. Some of the women wore black, head-covering robes. At Mombasa the shark-ridden harbor was studded with dhows, the high-pooped Arab trading ships that have dominated this corner of the Indian Ocean since prehistory. Then—zip—a Safari car blew over the bridge, past the dhows.

The leader was Ake Andersson in the green Porsche No. 1, but he was being pressed hard by the No. 4 Saab, which had Stig Blomqvist at the wheel. The Saab's front-wheel drive had paid off through the muddy Taita Hills. And the Porsche was not showing its vaunted speed—perhaps the roads were beginning to tell on the less-than-robust 911S. Next came a brace of Ford Escorts—Hilary and Mikkola. Then a staggering of Datsuns. So it was still a mixed bag at Mombasa, but the Datsuns were moving up. Some critics had suggested that the 240Z was slung too low, that it would tear out sump and springs on the rough back roads between Nairobi and the coast. This hadn't happened yet, so it probably wouldn't at all.

It was too dark to fly when Pontus Pilot was rejoined at the resort town of Kilifi. But the next morning, as dhow crews chanted their prayers in the first light, came the take-off for Tanzania. The sunrise bloodied the reefs offshore; looking down, the Passenger could see the dark torpedo shapes of wahoo feeding along the dropoffs. What looked like permit were nosing through the coral heads. Pont stood on the fishing canoes in the shallows, diving the Cessna to within 10 feet of the glassy surface and leaving the fishermen cursing behind him. But it was all in fun—the kind of fun taught by air force kindergartens the world over.

Leaving the coast behind, Pont began a long climb over the Usambaras toward the Tanzanian district capital of Dodoma, the next interception point for the Safari cars. The tourist spots of Nairobi abounded with horror stories about

Tanzania. Julius Nyerere's African socialist government was said to contain many black copies of Mao's Red Guards. Any white who offended them, even unintentionally, ran the risk of instant jail, and African prisons make even the Tajana cooler seem luxurious. What is more, as the result of a growing alienation among the former members of the East African Community (Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda), any Kenyan or Ugandan currency brought into Tanzania would be confiscated on the spot. Immigration officials, who have come to be known as "customs and irritation" throughout black Africa, were reputed to be at their fiercest, most disdainful and bureaucratically bullheaded in Tanzania. Thanks to this reputation, Tanzania has suffered severely from a lack of tourism.

Not one of these horror stories materialized when the Passenger got to Dodoma. He breezed through customs and irritation with a cup of coffee in one hand and smokes all around. Every Tanzanian he met was friendly and helpful, and although a few had their hands out—particularly for American dollars—once they learned that the mark could not be conned they did their best to help him, with no further thought to exorbitant reward.

Typical of the lot was Mubiriki Karamu, owner of the finest Peugeot taxi cab in tropical Africa, which is going some. After holding out for half the federal transportation budget—payable in gold—then squeezing through greenbacks and any non-Tanzanian currency to the equivalent of \$5 in local shillings, Karamu cheerfully drove the Passenger 15 miles west of town to watch the Safari come through. Perhaps "drove" is the wrong word. "dribbled" was more like it. At first the Passenger thought a sandstorm was beginning, but the grit in his teeth proved only to be fine clouds of rust drifting up from the floorboards and down from the roof. "Very good for you," said Karamu. "Like vitamins. Eat it for the liver."

The road where Karamu stopped was two inches deep in fine, slippery dust, hot to the touch in the 105° temperature. White morning glories with purple eyes bloomed among the thornbush that flanked the road and ring-necked doves barrel-rolled from maize plot to maize plot, eliciting Ben Pont's admiration for their aerodynamic cleanliness. Karamu ran a mercy mission into the bush in search of watermelons, striding off into the thorn with the same tireless trot you see refined in the person of Kipchoke Keino. Back with him he brought not only a load of cool, crisp, red-seeded variants of our Sugar Babies but a band of shyly curious natives. Bare-breasted, shaven-headed women, mainly, with squads of laughing children whose voices rose like an umbrella against the sun. A lean old man bleated by with his herd of goats, but stopped when he learned the Safari cars were coming.

They booted onto the scene minutes later; a distant buzz from the rock knobs to the west, then faint plumes of dust rising above the thornbush, then the sound of gear changes, of acceleration through the corners, and finally the first car itself, an explosion of light and noise that grew and swayed and snapped past with its headlights staring ahead like the amber eyes of a blue-and-white buffalo.

continued

It was the No. 8 Ford Escort—Hannu Mikkola and Gunnar Palm. As if to underscore his earlier claim to keen eyesight at speed, Palm waved at the Passenger as he flicked past. He might even have winked. Next came the Datsun of Herrmann and Schuller, then Blomqvist's Saab, then another Datsun, then a Porsche, a Ford, a Porsche and a Peugeot. The 12th car through was the Datsun driven by Ben Pont's sugar-king buddy, Shekhar Mehta. "He starts 31st and now he's 12th," exulted Ben. "Just the proper rate of climb!"

Pont's own rate of climb out of Dodoma an hour later took him over the Safari route back to Nairobi. The radio crackled with obscene limericks, exchanged extemporaneously between the official observation plane and the clerk of course back at headquarters. The road below was dusty and mucky by turns, and as the red-and-white rebar-striped Ford driven by Vic Preston Jr. wound its way up a switchback north of Dodoma, one could tell by the slides and dust bursts just how intermittent the rains had been. It was late afternoon of a 30-hour day. A long evening light lay on Lake Manyara, and off to the east Mount Kilimanjaro had come clear from its clouds. Though the mountains were thick with towering greenery, which seemed to glower down at the cars as they snaked past below, the flatlands were arid.

"This is where they grow most of Tanzania's seed beans and wheat," said Ben Pont, always ready with a geography lesson. "I did a lot of crop-dusting here. There's a bird called the Sudan quinea—sparrowlike with a red, curved beak—that comes through here in flocks of from five to 20 million. Each quinea eats four times its weight a day in grain. Our Land Rovers would track them to their roosts and then outline the roosting areas with lighted poles. We'd fly from an airstrip, cut right next to the roost and spray at night—parathion mixed with diesel oil. Sometimes we'd find up to 33 dead birds per square foot the next day. Jackals and hyenas and vultures would eat the dead birds and die themselves. In 1967 we killed 360 million birds that would have eaten 4,500 tons of grain." Pontus Pilot told the anecdote proudly. Then he readied his instruments to land at Nairobi for the mid-Safari layover.

The first leg of the Safari is always the key to the finish. The weak cars are dead by the end of it. Strong cars lie at the top, like cream on raw milk. During the Nairobi layover, much was revealed. Only 56 of the 107 starters had made it halfway. The first three cars into Nairobi were Datsun 240Zs—Herrmann-Schuller, Aaltonen-Easter, Mehta-Doughty. Next came two ailing Porsche 911Ss—Zasada-Bien and Waldegaard-Helmer. Bert Shankland's Peugeot lay a strong sixth, a portent for the future. The Ford Twin Cams were getting sickly—"Tin Cans," they were beginning to be called—though they still occupied four of the spots between sixth and 12th place. All of the women drivers had been eliminated, most of them time-barred because this had been a very speedy Safari so far and the ladies had not stood the pace. Or so the talk ran in the male chauvinist bars of Nairobi that night, with not a single protest.

The roughest sections had been those run at night through the wet—many of the dropouts during the first half of the rally had fallen after dark. A vocal clue to the ultimate finish was provided by Shekhar Mehta's co-driver, doughy Mike Doughty of Nairobi. During the first night-stretch, as their Datsun approached Dar-es-Salaam, the well-read Doughty had bellowed Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* into Shekhar's ear: "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,/The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,/The plowman homeward plods his weary way,/And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

What an ego trip. Racing blind and full throttle through the African night, trusting only machinery and their own reflexes to duck around death if it should appear at the bottom of the washout, an Asian and an Anglo had pushed to the front in the world's meanest race. For a moment, with Doughty's quotation, the superiority of the Machine Age over the Neolithic seemed quite evident. Men freed by science from the quagmire of mystery could indeed challenge the night. Men in motion were indeed tougher, smarter, more capable than men at rest behind some thorn tree eating their cards and myth.

As a result, the final half of the Safari was almost an anticlimax. It came through to the Passenger as a sequence of surrealisms, gaudy enough to the observer but obviously a pure Boschian hell to the participant. The run out of Nairobi was cold and wet under an overcast sky: Kikuyu cottage industrialists hawked beadwork and sheepskins along the lip of the Rift Valley. At Elmenteita five kinds of weather could be seen in the sky at once, everything from steel-gray storm clouds to desert azure. There were other things to be noted: Masai standing stocklike in the weeds. A charcoal sky over Mau Narok, with the cars skidding under a filigreed-iron railroad bridge. A hasty and misspelled road sign: BEWARE FLOODED RIVER. Pines and wattle replacing cactus on the escarpment's lip. The marshes of Lake Victoria flat and horse-manned in the evening light. A Peugeot blaring its horn up and down the road before the hotel in Kampala, where the drivers were waiting to sleep—was it sent there by the factory to keep the opposition awake?

Just beyond Kampala, Edgar Herrmann blew a tire on his Datsun and relinquished the road lead to Shekhar Mehta. The tire change was quick, and soon Herrmann had once again overtaken the Ugandan. "It's almost impossible to get ahead of another car of the same make," he said later. "I broke ahead, but this kept most of my concentration on the rearview mirror." As a result Herrmann fishtailed into a cliff alongside the road and broke a half-shaft. Later he said, "Schuller is an excellent mechanic, and after he pulled the broken half-shaft we drove ahead for 40 miles on the remaining one to the next service stop. With the accident we must have lost 45 minutes." But not the overall lead: Mehta was still 15 points behind the Germans, though ahead on the road.

The Mountains of the Moon passed in a blur, as did the monkey-festooned rain forest of northern Uganda. Then, during the night, the cars poured back down into Kenya. It

## White Magic continued

was flank speed past Lake Nakuru, where the famed flamingos only raised their heads at the passing racket. Later, it seems, they fly in their vast, undulating pink wave only in daylight tourist hours. "Our strategy at Nakuru was to go flat out," Herrmann said later, "banking on using the heavy mud around Mount Kenya—in daylight—to jump well ahead of Mehta."

By the time Herrmann's car reached Meru, the entryway to the Mount Kenya mud, which was a 90-mile ripple of switchbacks that reached clear to Embu, Mehta was only three points behind and one minute ahead on the road.

Then fate and mud congealed—the climactic absurdity of the Safari. Scaling the north slopes of Mount Kenya, the Ugandan sugar king skidded into a mudhole. All of his sweets and shillings could not pull him loose. Finally, after a fatal half-hour in the muck, a Land Rover grumbled by and dragged Shekhar's Datsun free. A few moments later Herrmann and Schuller pulled up to the brink of the mudhole, and stopped in time. They had themselves towed through the sticky patch in moments, and saved themselves a loss on points in the process. In effect, the race was over.

So, for a brief return to subjectivity, let us view the Passenger for the last few hours of this Safari. He is standing at the apex of a hairpin turn on the western slopes of Mount Kenya, just outside the town of Embu. He had scouted the mountain in a Land Rover the day before. Not only had he found a good corner for viewing, but he had discovered that the Africans who lived on this slope were—like the rest—engaging, naive, honest, helpful human beings.

During his predawn drive to this corner, which was called Kiguku, a spray of tiny antelope had sprinted away in the headlights. Other small creatures, predators and prey alike, had fled his arrival: mongooses, rabbits, genets, rats, even a single, high-shouldered wild dog. Large voluble bats flickered through the banana leaves as the fog melted upward through the cover. A lone, hearty man came down the road, walking steadily and enjoying the wet warmth of the dawn. As he came closer, the Passenger saw that the man had no nose. Maybe it had been chewed off by a hyena when the man was drunk and sleeping out—said to be a common accident in the boondocks. The noseless man smiled and the Passenger smiled back. He might not have done it in New York. In Africa it seemed to be O.K.

Then the cars came through. Mehta was leading on the road—a great wild muddy splash as he went through the bottom of the corner. Herrmann and Schuller were close on the Indian's heels, thus clearly still ahead on points. Then Vic Preston Jr. in the Ford Tin Can—a victory for East African skill if not for British technology. Then, wonder of wonders, Joginder Singh in another Ford, hundreds of points behind after a broken gearbox early in the race but having regained all of the distance, at least, on the road in

between. The Passenger watched Bert Shankland negotiate the hairpin in his straining Peugeot—slow and careful in the wet spots, but quick as anybody on the road in the dry.

On reflection, the order of finish now seemed immaterial. Datsun and Datsun would take the first two places on points and in order of arrival—for the second year in a row. Herrmann and Schuller could boast their back-to-back wins over champagne. The other marques would somehow salvage their prestige, editorially at least. Automobiles would continue to be sold in Europe, America and Asia. What the Passenger realized as he stood beneath the swooping bats, and with the noseless man walking by, was that Africa, too, would continue. Man could not mark it up too badly. He might wipe out animals and birds, burn off the woods and violate the moment in many ways. But the main thing about the Safari was that it gave a man a chance to run around Africa for a little while. And Africa would be there long after the Tin Cans had rusted away and the sweets of the sugar king had been consumed. It was reassuring, if a bit sentimental, to think about that.

The Passenger drove back to Nairobi, following Safari roads most of the way. When he crossed the Tana River in a patch of dense, vivid bush, his attention strayed for a moment to a crested guinea fowl that had been dusting on the road and flushed off into the cover alongside. As he watched it settle, the Passenger fell into a Safari trap—the road ahead was pure mud. The car began to fishtail madly. It was like shaking hands with panic, once again.

It was the death seat revived. Then memory became reality. The Passenger found the presence to apply lock, counter lock, and to hit the gas. The car straightened out and he began to breathe normally again. Here I am, he thought, where I ought to be. **END**



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No objective in sport seemed more unattainable for a longer period of time than track's four-minute mile. It would be difficult to pinpoint the moment when men began to speculate seriously about running a mile in less than four minutes—perhaps in 1923 when Paavo Nurmi's 4:10.4 clocking lopped more than two seconds off the record. Over the next 20 years the gap narrowed in erratic bursts, but by the beginning of World War II, a still-formidable 6.4 seconds remained to be closed.

The climax came between 1942 and 1945 when two Swedish distance men ran a series of brilliant races that lowered the mile record by five seconds, and the inevitable suddenly seemed imminent. Then, just as the magic barricade appeared ready to collapse, their track careers ended in a radius over amateurism, leaving the four-minute mile (by then only 1.4 seconds away) untouched for almost another decade. To this day, speculation persists that if Gunder Hagg and Arne Andersson had been permitted to continue running for another season, one of them would certainly have broken through.

There is the suggestion of gladiatorial commitment about these Hagg-Andersson races, which were fought out before vociferous crowds in neutral Sweden during the summers of World War II. World records fell again and again. No rivalry in the history of track and field—not Brumel and Thomas, not Owens and Wykoff—matched its drama or impact on the public consciousness. With most of the world preoccupied with a global conflict, it would not have been astonishing if the feats had passed barely noticed. To the contrary, the races made headlines around the world, and Hagg was even invited to run in the United States during the height of our struggles in Europe and the Pacific.

In Sweden the races were cast along lines of social and geographic rivalry. Gunder Hagg was the country boy, a woods dweller who had run and skied in the forests almost from infancy, of slimmer build than Andersson but tough as teakwood and seemingly inexhaustible. He symbolized the Swedish pastoral ideal: purity, simplicity, strength. Andersson, in turn represented to many the ordinary man in the street, the city dweller contending against the rude assault of the unsophisticated wonder boy from the northern forests. Andersson showed you didn't have to be a special

## Miles Run, Promises Unkept

During a series of brilliant races Gunder Hagg and Arne Andersson brought the four-minute barrier within range by NORMAN HARRIS

animal to be a good runner. He was the Marty Liquori of his time. Hagg was his Jim Ryun.

Hagg now acknowledges the importance of having grown up in solitude. "Perhaps you learn to think differently and more deeply, not rushing about amid cars and buses, always disturbed by the telephone. Just wandering alone hour after hour in the forest, you live more within yourself. You get quite a different balance than the town dweller does."

Andersson seemed to have more ambition, a higher-strung competitive temperament. His approach to racing even

incorporated a passion for iron files, which he used to sharpen his spikes (French files, he found, were the best). His running style, characterized by an excessively vigorous action, featured a great bounding stride and flapping arms. But in time, to hold his own against the smooth-running Hagg, Andersson had to correct these flaws. This adjustment probably prolonged and heightened their remarkable rivalry.

Hagg first came to world notice in 1941 with two record-breaking 1,500-meter performances in a single month—the first (3:48.6) setting a new Swedish

continued



ANDERSSON OFTEN PRESSED HAGG ALL THE WAY TO THE TAPE

record, the second (3:47.6) lowering Jack Lovelock's world mark by .2 of a second. Seven yards behind in the second race was Arne Andersson. It took him two years to get any closer.

In the summer of 1942 Hagg went on an astonishing tear, breaking 10 world records at seven different distances. One of the times, a 13:58.2 in the 5,000 meters, was to stand for 12 years before Emil Zatopek exceeded it. Hagg's own 1,500-meter record was next, down to 3:45.8 on a sloppy track that required the runners to stay outside the second lane. Then, for the first time, there was nobody between Hagg and the four-minute barrier. In a race at Göteborg he broke Sydney Wooderson's mile record by .2 seconds with a 4:06.2. Andersson equaled Hagg's time in a succeeding race. Then, on Sept. 4 at Stockholm, behind a suicidal pacemaker who ran a 56-second first lap, Hagg had abandoned all thought of another record and was merely going for the win when he began hearing the roars of the crowd on his last lap. He pulled out a sprint that clipped another 1.6 seconds off the world record. He was now just 4.6 seconds from the once-distant wall.

For all his fluid style, Hagg was an undisciplined runner by today's standards. His intermediate times were seldom regular. He would listen carefully to his coach's instructions beforehand and then get out on the track and go mad. He ran what he was invited to run, and the promoters staged races over any distance that would attract the largest crowd. Hagg's only loss in 1942—in fact, the only one he suffered over 16 months and 39 races—was as a member of a 6,000-meter relay team.

Andersson at this point was definitely suffering from feelings of inferiority. He had beaten Hagg only once, and he was determined to get on even terms. That next winter he worked on his sprint—which despite his natural speed had been deadened by the end of a mile. He forcibly condensed his stride and arm action, and after some weeks it all began to click. He could even change gear now at the end of a mile, and he steadfastly stayed away from meets until he had the new action under control. When he was ready for Hagg, unfortunately, he found Hagg wasn't there. He had gone to tour America for the summer. And so, in Sweden, Andersson ran against the clock and he took a clean two sec-

onds off Hagg's mile record—lowering it to 4:02.6. Now Andersson was king at home, and the crowds poured back into the stadiums. Andersson obliged them by breaking Hagg's 1,500-meter record as well. Meanwhile, in the States, Hagg took the news calmly. It had not been an exceptional tour for him. Running well, he had never been pushed by the opposition, and his times were unmemorable. By the time he returned to Sweden he was tired and out of shape.

The 1944 season was a repeat of the summer of '42, except that the focus had changed. Two years before, it had been Hagg against the stopwatch; now the battle was to be waged between him and Andersson. In their first meeting, a 1,500-meter race in Stockholm, Andersson stayed easily with Hagg's effort in the third lap and actually held back before sprinting away to win by four yards. Then came a 1,500-meter run at Göteborg, near Andersson's home town. Hagg wanted badly to win here, and he gambled by following close to the extremely fast early pace. Andersson refused to go with him, and Hagg pulled out, hitting the 800-meter mark in 1:56. "When he doesn't hear me behind," said Andersson, "he gets wings." They got to the finish with Hagg two seconds under the world record, now down to 3:43. Andersson was one second behind.

They met again 11 days later in Malmö, at one mile. The early pace was again frantic but this time Andersson was there, within a yard, eyes fixed on Hagg's shoulder. "If he had run a 1:52 half," said Andersson, "I would have been with him." He was still at Hagg's shoulder as the final straight opened, and now he came alongside. The two great runners looked at each other, and then Andersson went streaming away to the tape. The watches stopped at 4:01.6, another full second off the record. When the time was announced, programs showered down like falling leaves.

"For me," said Andersson, "it was the perfect race. I never felt tired."

That summer they met in seven races, and each time that a mile run was scheduled it seemed inevitable the four-minute mark would fall. Andersson won every match between them except for a 1,500-meter race in Göteborg. Promoters did anything to get the pair, but it was too good to last. "They were pressing money on you," Andersson recalled. "You couldn't refuse it."

The next summer they met again over a mile at Malmö. The race was almost a replica of the previous season's struggles—except that this time Hagg was ahead at the finish. After another fast start (first quarter in 56.7) Hagg pulled away from Andersson on the third lap and won by some six yards. His clocking—4:01.3—was rounded off to the nearest fifth and entered the record books as a 4:01.4. It was the last of their world records. They had between them reduced the mile mark by five seconds in four seasons of running. Each had eclipsed it three times. Andersson was 27, Hagg 26. And suddenly it was all over.

At this point, Swedish track officials decided to crack down on the widespread abuses, and Hagg and Andersson were targets of convenience.

Both men were banned for life by the national association for having accepted money for racing. Extremely bitter and hardest hit of the two because he still had hopes of setting new records was Andersson. "Running was part of myself," he said recently. "I was very, very sorry." Two years later he applied for reinstatement, but the vote was 9-8 against him. He never raced again.

Hagg doubts that he could have cracked four minutes. "I could not have run even one-tenth faster in my 4:01.4 race. I staggered dead beat over the line." He and Andersson were not interested in the records. The head-to-head challenge was everything. Andersson thinks they raced too often and planned badly. "We didn't even think of records," he says now. "In my record run at Malmö we were 1:56 at the half-mile. Even today that is a fast time, isn't it? Too fast. What if we had been two minutes flat at the half-way? It would surely have been a four-minute mile. But we wanted to win, only to win."

Most people recall great events in terms of personal activity—watching a football game on Pearl Harbor Day, for example. Gunder Hagg and Arne Andersson have such a day embedded in their consciousness. On May 6, 1954 Hagg, a salesman, remembers traveling between the northern Swedish town of Gävle and Stockholm on a business trip. Andersson, a schoolteacher, was playing cards with some friends at his home in the Swedish capital. They remember because that was the day Roger Bannister finally did it. END

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## THE PLAY'S THE THING

Sirs:

Congratulations to Bob Ottum on his dazzling drama *Boog* (July 19). Articles such as this are good for baseball. *Boog*! satirically humanizes the lives of baseball players, which has to help promote fan appeal. The drama comes up with the only reasonable explanation for Boog Powell's long slump, considering the immense talent he possesses. Now that the mad scientist's scheme has been uncovered, perhaps the real Boog will stand up and start hitting with his old abandon.

JIM BRENNAN

New York City

Sirs:

When *Boog* goes to Broadway I only hope Earl Weaver is cast as Brampson and Bob Short as the mad scientist. But who will play Boog Powell?

LARRY COSLER

Washington, Pa.

Sirs:

If *Boog*'s gets into production I have some casting suggestions.

1. The Van Andale twins as the two Boogs, providing you can fatten them up a bit.
2. Phil Silvers as Howard Cosell.
3. Cosell has to play the part of "a ferret-faced man . . ." nervously directing the initial entrance of robot Boog.
4. Lefty Phillips must be Bozo Brampson.
5. And the Baltimore Oriole Chorus can only be the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.
6. Which leaves Mrs. Boog Powell. How about Barbara Streisand, puvycat?

BRUCE HEINTZ

Longmeadow, Mass.

Sirs:

After reading your accounts of doleful Alex Johnson, pitiful Tony Conigliaro and hearing about the retiring of frustrated Ken Harrelson, I was relieved to see that your magazine had printed something that was actually light and entertaining about baseball personalities. The article on Boog Powell was very imaginative and lets the baseball fan see the humorous side of the game, which is part of its enduring charm.

R. A. STONES

Rolling Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

Bob Ottum certainly provided us with a baseball fantasy full of laughs and a modicum of suspense, and a happy "all's well that ends well" finale. I would like to see more of these creations by Mr. Ottum and wish to suggest one Willie Stargell of the Pittsburgh Pirates with his All-Pro fraid

chicken parlor for a background as a possible future subject.

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Tennessee Williams couldn't have written a better play and Hal David couldn't have written better lyrics. I am looking forward to a big hockey, a big basketball and a big football musical, too.

HUGH LEWIS

Teaneck, N.J.

Sirs:

You forgot to include Boog's national song, *Booby Elephant Walk*.

KATHI DUFFRE

Alhambra, Calif.

Sirs:

It was not purely fictitious. Indeed, it does appear as though the mad scientist succeeded in his search for those mechanized pitching robots, for Baltimore's Big Four will undoubtedly win 80 games, might possibly capture 90 games and could conceivably gain a grand and amazing total of 100 games before the everlasting season draws to a close this fall.

JOHN R. HESTER

Lincoln, Mass.

Sirs:

Now there are just two questions. Who's Boog Powell, and was it truth or fiction?

BOB FISCHER

Knoxville, Tenn.

## PUNT RETURNS

Sirs:

In SCORECARD (July 19) you say that "football never has been played at Candlestick." Not so. The Oakland Raiders played there for at least one season. In the fall of 1961 I was one of 7,000 fans who saw the Dallas Texans play the Raiders at Candlestick Park.

One would have concluded from that game that there was little hope for the Oakland team or for football at Candlestick. Now, 10 years later, it looks like great success for both ventures.

BILL CONLIN

Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

Sirs:

There's been at least one East-West Shrine game played in Candlestick Park—as recently as 1968, I believe. Consequently, I can't see what 49er Ticket Manager Pete Giamm's problems are, other than possibly he hasn't been on the job very long.

ROBERT COMPTON

Hermosa Beach, Calif.

## SPEAK NO EVIL

Sirs:

Evel Knievel is the most unique sport story of all time (*I'm Going to Jump a Mile Away*, July 5). He may well be a crazy man to some people, but to me he is simply a man among men. After his performances at Madron Square Garden recently, Knievel did not sneak out any back doors to hide from his fans, but instead walked out the exit with kind words and autographs for all. How often have you been thanked for asking for an autograph? It is indeed an experience, after being turned down by some so-called sport stars. Answering all questions and practically ignoring the police bodyguards. Knievel won the hearts of all the people outside the Garden night after night. I asked the man standing next to Knievel, who seemed a bit impatient, if he was Evel Knievel's manager. His reply, with a wry smile, "At times I wonder who manages who."

I hope Evel Knievel makes that jump over Snake River Canyon. I hope he lives to be 103. You see, Evel Knievel is unique.

Vic Marzese

Totowa, N.J.

## TROUBLED ANGELS

Sirs:

After reading *Show Me the Way to Go Home* (July 19), I realized how heartless and unsympathetic some people can be. Manager Lefty Phillips of the Angels is having problems with his not-quite-winning team, but that is no reason to treat his players like the "machines." Tony Conigliaro described in your article. The story about Alex Johnson a few weeks ago could have been about Tony, also. When Conigliaro was asked about Johnson he said that Alex had a problem deep inside that was eating away at him. Tony could have been talking about himself. Now that Tony has revealed his eye problem, it must mean that he doesn't belong in an "insane asylum," as stated by his manager. Phillips had no right to make a statement like that.

DURRKE KOCH

Avoca, Pa.

## A CLOWNING BLOW (CONT.)

Sirs:

I would like to respond to the letter of Chester Dehman (58, July 12). If a man can crack jokes and clown around and still win the U.S., Canadian and British Open titles in four weeks, no less, my hat goes off to him. In our society too many people take their jobs too seriously. Trevino's attitude while playing tournament golf is outstanding. When you can have fun, earn money and honestly enjoy your live-

continued

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## 18TH HOLE continued

hood, you are living life to its fullest. Incidentally, I have yet to hear of a complaint from a Trevino playing partner.

—RICK FISHEL

St. Louis

### HIT AWAY

Sirs:

As a physical-education teacher, Little League coach and an umpire for the Arizona Interscholastic Association and the Arizona Umpire's Association, I have had the privilege to umpire from Mike (SCORECARD, July 12). It is true that the games are high scoring and played in comparatively less time. But more importantly, Iron Mike returns us to baseball. The fielders had no opportunity to "sleep" because the batters swung at 24 out of 25 pitches. In the 12 innings I umpired, there were only three called balls and one called strike—all the other pitches were swung at.

My years of experience have showed that the biggest fear of Little Leaguers, as well as older players, is being hit by a pitched ball. The chances of being hit by Iron Mike are nil. Therefore, hitting should improve tremendously. I don't think Sandy Koufax would approve, but I'm certain Ted Williams would agree that baseball in general would benefit by the universal use of Iron Mike.

—RAY SHADEN

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

There are no virtues in using a machine instead of a pitcher in Little League baseball. Having the boy who normally pitches stand by to field while the Iron Mike does the actual pitching supposedly saves the boy's arm from an injury that might come from throwing curveballs. To me this seems like just another bit of parental influence, which has already hurt the game so much. The challenge, experience and anxiety a Little League pitcher faces are irreplaceable ingredients in the recipe that eventually produces a skilled adult pitcher. Outlaw the curveball if you must, but keep the pitcher in the Little League.

—DALE REHBER

Reading, Pa.

### THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM

Sirs:

While a cavalier dismissal of the Hills of Niagara (*To the Brink—and Beyond*, July 12) as madmen easily might have been made, I would like to commend Mark Kram for not doing so. Despite the commercialism that encumbers the natural beauty of Niagara Falls, this river precinct seems to have retained its majesty over man—without the frustrations of its conquerors.

Although Red Hill Sr. and his progeny did not learn from the tragedy of Herman

Melville's Captain Ahab, they both seem to share similar sentiments about following a parallel course to destruction. As Ahab said to a critical Starbuck, "All visible objects, man, are but as pasteboard masks. But in each event—in the living act, the undoubted deed—there, some unknown but still reasoning thing put forth the moldings of its features from behind the unreasoning mask. If man will strike, strike through the mask! How can the prisoner reach outside except by thrusting through the wall?"

For Ahab, the wall was Moby Dick, while for the Hills, it was Niagara. Their quest to be Niagara's conquerors was Quixotic but, nonetheless, it was a search that many can sympathize with.

—DANIEL CATTIAU

Troy, Mich.

### BEACH BOCCIE

Sirs:

Your article on bocce (*New Life for an Old Ball Game*, July 12) reminded me of a happy time that I would like to share. In 1966 my family and I were at Ocean City, Md. for a week's summer vacation, during which time we had some friends visit us. One of them brought a bocce outfit with him. We more or less simultaneously discovered that the beach is a great place to play bocce—you just smooth off two landing areas with a piece of driftwood plank, put down the little ball and toss the large balls underhand at it. A large crowd gathered to watch, but as far as I know nobody else had ever been doing this. It was marvelous fun, very good practice for softball pitching and a lot more interesting than good old horseshoes, considering the sandy landings.

—DONALD L. SCHERFVILL, M.D.

Towson, Md.

### RIFE ROOKIE

Sirs:

In SCORECARD (July 12), Roberto Clemente stated, "Players used to be 28 to 30 years old before they made it to the majors," while explaining that more younger players are making it today because of the additional openings created by expansion. Clemente should know better. How about an outfield of Willie Mays, Henry Aaron and Clemente. All three were only 20 years old when they became regulars (1954, 1954 and 1955, respectively). The number of teams and openings has little to do with it. The good players generally make good at an early age. They did so years ago, and always will.

—BOB ALLEN

Midwater

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